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BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXVI. No. 688. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

BEFORE GOING ON YOUR HOLIDAY.

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Head Office: British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. 3.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Resting, but Watchful!

CRIPPLES' HOME: STARTLING EXPOSURE

CAVANDER'S "ARMY CLUB" CHAMPIONS.

"GOOD old Jack!" How the crowd roars it forth as our Champion Cricketer takes toll of the most deadly bowling in his own inimitable fashion.

There's no finer way of enjoying a summer day's holiday than watching Jack Hobbs at the wicket, with the accompanying enjoyment to be found in a box of

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20 for 1/1. 50 for 2/3. 100 for 5/4.

CAVANDERS LIMITED, Glasgow and London.

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Of all Chemists and Stores

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Trade Mark Face.

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The 'Radio' Blades are sold everywhere, they fit the Star, Gem, Clemak, as well as 'Ever-Ready' Razors.

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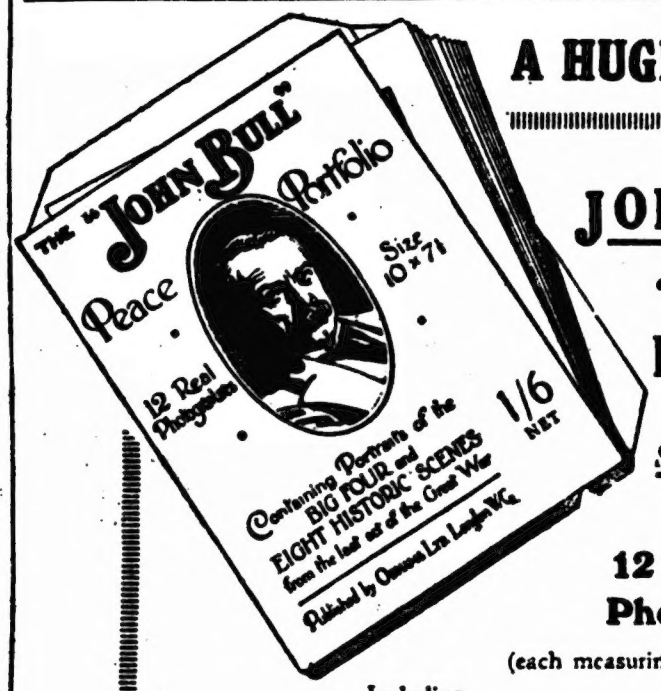
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JOHN BULL

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."
—*Milton.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best."—*Pope.*

Vol. XXVI. No. 688. **Week ending Saturday, August 9th, 1919.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Kaiser's Trial—
Will *not* be in London. "If you see it——!"

Magnanimous Haig.
What a really "big" man Haig is! His tribute to Marshal Foch was worthy of the highest traditions of chivalry. Some of us know things which make it more even than that.

The By-Elections.
Unfortunately for the Government, King Death will not study its convenience. Thus, on the top of Bothwell, comes Pontefract—where another defeat awaits it. How true it is that England abhors Coalitions!

The Poet Laureate.
Isn't it pitiful that the nation's official poet hasn't yet been able to churn out a Peace Ode? As to our suggestion that he should receive his wine payment in kind, instead of having its value added to his salary, he says he "doesn't care a damn." Nor do we for his "poetry"!

In the House.
Beyond attending the meetings of the Bank Balances Select Committee, we shall not be doing much in the House during the remaining weeks of the present Session; but we shall be watching the situation very closely—and preparing for developments.

Too Previous.
We fancy it will be found that the *Pall Mall Gazette* was a little "previous" in jumping to the conclusion that the amount of Dormant Bank Balances given by the President of the Institute of Bankers, on the faith of what the banks had told him, disposes of the case for our Bill. A little patience, dear brother.

Ostend and Zeebrugge.
We have now had an opportunity of personally inspecting the scenes of those two wonderful feats of the British Navy, when a gallant band of volunteers set out, at the risk of almost certain death, to block up the enemy outlets—and did it. Well may a Prussian officer have remarked, as he did to a Belgian upon whom he was billeted—"You can't beat these damned English."

An "Indemnity" Item.
Thus wrote Montaigne, a long time ago: "They owe over and above (the cash or goods which they have improperly obtained) something of their own; and by how much their payment is more strict and incommodious to themselves, by so much is their restitution more perfect, just and meritorious; for a penitency requires penance." We prefer Montaigne to Wilson.

The Price of Food.
How can we expect food prices to go down so long as we are daily sending shiploads of provisions to Germany?

"Our Fourteen Points."
Will those of our readers who file their copies just refer to our article, under this heading, in the issue of JOHN BULL dated November 2nd last? And then compare them with the Peace Treaty?

A Protest from Ypres.
An officer, writing from Ypres, tells us that at a dance organised by British officers in connection with the Peace celebrations, it was found that a German band had been engaged to supply the music. Where did it come from?

CRIPPLES' HOME: STARTLING EXPOSURE.
See page 6.

"Coals to Newcastle."
"Why doesn't the Government arrange to bring coal over from Spitzbergen? It could be landed at Newcastle at 5s. per ton." Thus one of our readers. Is it true?

The Food Controller.
Mr. G. H. Roberts is undoubtedly making good at the Ministry of Food—which, of course, includes drink. The secret of his success is that he is a human being.

Another Success.
Sir Auckland Geddes, too, is confounding those critics who predicted his failure at the Board of Trade. "Some" boys, those Geddes!

Caroline Hanemann.
Having elicited from the Home Secretary the statement that it was the policy of the Government to deport all Germans whose certificates of naturalisation have been revoked, we are curious to know what explanation can be given of the fact that Caroline Hanemann—the "German Woman of Downing Street"—is still amongst us.

A Bird in the Hand.
A Cambridge reader says that when Lord Buckmaster was the local M.P. he used to tell workpeople that, although they might not have a good time here, there were mansions in Heaven awaiting them. It appears, however, these simple folk are prepared to give up their reversions for a decent cottage down below.

A Legal Conundrum.
Why is the Solicitor-General not a solicitor? We will give a special *Deutschland* souvenir for the correct answer.

Party Funds.
Look out for some interesting disclosures as to the use of Party funds for the payment of the gambling debts of a self-righteous M.P.

Food Profiteering.
Maypole Dairy dividend for 1918, 225 per cent.; Lipton's (no dividend, 1916), 12½ per cent.; Home and Colonial Stores, 30 per cent. And there are—many—others.

The JOHN BULL "Peace" Portfolio.
Have you secured your copy yet? Many purchasers have already written marvelling at the value given in this wonderful souvenir of the Great Peace.

Exit Mr. McKenna.
The appointment of Mr. McKenna to the Chairmanship of the London Joint City and Midland Bank probably means his farewell to Parliament. As a matter of fact, the late Sir Edward Holden made it a condition that the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer should abstain from politics whilst associated with the Bank.

Coroners' Courts.
Many of our readers plead for the restoration of juries in these Courts. Personally, we think such Courts should be abolished altogether. In any case, their functions should be confined strictly to ascertaining "the cause of death." To fix guilt upon any person, and thus prejudice his trial, is, and always has been, beyond their legal jurisdiction.

Food Profiteers.
We are glad to have received an assurance from the Food Controller that the Committee now inquiring into profiteering will be asked to consider our suggestion that the existing regulations should be amended so as to enable a private individual to institute proceedings in cases coming to his knowledge, withoutwaiting for action on the part of the local Food Committees.

"Quoth the Raven."
This is a little brochure of war satire, written and illustrated by two of the most brilliant members of the staff of *Punch*. Amongst the references to ourselves, we read: "Mr. Bottomley, on expressing his willingness to take Holy Orders for the duration of the War, appointed Lord Rothermere's private chaplain"—the point, of course, being that Lord Rothermere is the proprietor of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

Local Limericks.

[*The Divorce Court has pronounced null and void the secret marriage of Mr. J. H. Baldwin, patient in a mental home at Ticehurst.*]

There was an erotic old dad,
Endowed with the eye that is glad;
As he never tarried,
But bunked and got married,
The law says he must have been mad!

Wilson Again.

We note that President Wilson is firmly of opinion that "if it had not been for America the war would not have been won." On this matter we should prefer the opinion of M. Clemenceau. And what a delightful story that is of the "Tiger's" confessed difficulties with his colleagues at Versailles, "one of whom imagined himself Napoleon, and the other Jesus Christ." No guessing, please!

Food Financiers.

It is common knowledge in the City that food gambling was never so rife as now. Recently we heard of a cargo of cocoa being shipped and purchased for £6,000. While it was at sea it passed through no fewer than seven itching hands, as shown by the bills of lading, and on arrival was delivered to the last purchaser at £12,800. Transactions of this kind are simply damnable, and ought to be made criminal.

Sweating the Patrols.

The Automobile Association and Motor Union advertise for road patrols. The wages are £2 a week, with uniform, except boots. The men must provide their own bicycles. They must have knowledge of first aid; ability to effect roadside repairs; experience in removing and replacing motor tyres; and are required to fix up a house or room near to their work at their own expense. "If you agree to the foregoing terms"—but we hope you won't; not if you can find any other job.

A Soldier's Stern Protest.

Ex-Lance-Corporal Cave, of Guernsey, was up against it. Landlords objected because he had a wife and seven children. Four months of application to the Pensions Committee resulted in nothing. Employers did not want him. He appears at length to have secured a job under the Guernsey States Authority. It was called "charity work"; 55 hours a week, 30 miles a week to walk, and "very low wages for a man with a family." So, by way of protest, Cave relieved an intolerable situation by entering the workhouse, with his wife and his seven youngsters. He has cast his burden upon Guernsey, and so perhaps the things he has fought against will now be remedied.

Runciman's Rubbish.

Latest from the random Runciman, late wait-and-see M.P. for Dewsbury, is his resolution at the Newcastle Wesleyan Conference declaring that it is the duty of every Christian to be a total abstainer. He forgets that the first, and chiefest, and noblest of all Christians was not a total abstainer, and turned water into wine at Cana for the feasting. Nor was St. Paul, the greatest of all Christians after Him—for did he not say unto Timothy, contrary to Runciman and Pussyfoot, "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake"? In the words of a delegate to the conference, Mr. Runciman wants to set the dogs on many people who are quite as honourable as he is.

Saltash Bridge.

With reference to our recent paragraph, we are assured by the management of the Great Western Railway that any grounds for misgiving are entirely unwarranted. The bridge—which is examined like every other bridge on the Great Western system, with periodical frequency—is perfectly safe and sound. Saltash Bridge is a lasting tribute to the great engineering skill of Brunel, and no one who has had proof of the care and efficiency which characterises the company's conduct of the system would need any assurance in regard to Saltash or any other of the Great Western bridges.

Jack Cornwell's Mother.

Really the treatment of Jack Cornwell's mother is outrageous. She is left neglected, to rub along anyhow in her humble home at Stepney, paying her own rent. Much money has been collected in the name of Jack Cornwell, and his widowed mother should be the first to benefit from it, but she looks like being the last. One person has stated that she need only *ask* for assistance; but she, brave as her boy was, will never do that.

HERO THRASHED IN A MADHOUSE.
See page 5.

The "Pussyfoot" Campaign.

If the Yankee Prohibitionists persist in their intentions of making Great Britain the arena of their next campaign, we may anticipate plenty of fun to enliven the dull winter evenings. On the whole, we are rather inclined to hope that Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson may be persuaded to try conclusions with the hard-headed British public.

The Peace Unpaid.

Some London Post Office Commissionaires, ex-soldiers, "wrote to the Chief Inspector to see if any arrangements were being made as regards us being allowed to keep up the Peace Day of the 19th." Here is the answer: "In connection with Saturday, 19th inst., no leave with payment or compensation days are given for Bank Holidays to Commissionaires. W. Bradley, Acting Chief Inspector." No wonder the men are dissatisfied.

Robbing Poor to Pay Rich.

Apparently they are making up the cost of the increase of £500 in the salary of the Clerk to the Brighton Board of Guardians by cutting down the outdoor relief. A woman, who has a paralysed husband and three little boys to keep, has had her outdoor relief of 4s. and two loaves stopped because she is "now earning enough to keep herself and family." She is earning £1 10s. a week! But it'll take a lot of 4s. a week to make up that extra £500.

The Dis-Interned Alien.

There is one aspect of the Alien question which does not appear to have been considered to any great extent. The Aliens who were interned during the war but who have now returned home are in many cases manifesting a very bitter feeling towards their English neighbours, and often petty acts of annoyance are indulged in, especially where there are children. Further, they often occupy comfortable houses, while the less fortunate Britisher has extreme difficulty in finding a decent place of abode—and when the unfortunate individual happens to be one who has fought for his country, it does not tend to remove the bad feeling.

An Egg-cellent Idea.

During and since the war we have been buying by weight all sorts of things which we have not purchased in that way before—kippers, for instance, and oranges. A reader suggests to the Food Controller that eggs should be so sold also. At present one person may buy a dozen eggs weighing 20 ounces for 4s., while another gets 22, 24, or even 26 ounces at the same price; which is absurd.

A Doubtful Offence.

At first, when we saw that a man had been sentenced to three months' imprisonment at Bow Street for offering a "corrupt inducement" to certain League footballers, we concluded, naturally, that he had bribed the men to play unfairly. However, it has since transpired that all this too zealous sportsman did was to offer them a cash bonus if they played as hard as they could in certain games. On appeal to the London Sessions the sentence of imprisonment has been replaced by a £50 fine. Even this seems more than enough.

Peace Day Fizzles.

In various parts of the kingdom the Peace Day celebrations were badly bungled. At High Wycombe the dinner, tea and entertainments to soldiers and children, also the fireworks, had to be abandoned, not enough money having been collected in the town. At Hereford the Service and ex-Service men in the procession were received with dead silence; the city could not raise a cheer for them. At Paignton the soldiers and sailors were forgotten altogether—so they had a procession of their own, with a banner inscribed, "Though we are Not Recognised, we have Done Our Bit"!

German Razors.

The latest news about these undesirable commodities is that they are purchasable in Cologne at 2s. 9d. each, and sold here at 4s. 6d., that price being 4s. less than our shop price. The sellers' defence is that they are defeating the profiteer. Further, we are seriously informed that "tens of thousands of German razors, bearing names of British manufacturers, are, or shortly will be, on sale throughout Britain and the Colonies." The razor business seems so rotten that we are almost tempted to let our beard grow.

The Same, Continued.

In apparent corroboration of the foregoing, there is a story in a Brussels newspaper of a Belgian hairdresser who ordered stock from England, because he would not buy from Germans. On the razors he received, the word "Sheffield" had been engraved under the word "Solingen," the true place of origin. And, when he opened a box of combs, he found the English purveyor had not removed the German mark from the labels. It has come to a pretty pass if we can fight our pestilent profiteers only by buying and selling German goods.

Racketty.

Far be it from us to raise a row among the rackets; but the fact is there *will* be a row, unless something is done. The price paid to the women who make the balls is—3s. 6d. a gross. They have had not a penny rise since the war, though in pre-war days a bag of balls containing six gross was delivered for 6d. a bag each way and now the cost is 1s. 10d. The work on the leathers is heavier too, and yet the women—some of them widows with young children to support—are paid only pre-war prices. Tennis-ball workers have had a rise!

Local Limericks.

[*A carter was at Dudley fined £2 for being drunk when in charge of a horse and cart, whilst Thos. Passmore was fined £3 for kicking a pony on the shin, causing a swelling which, it was stated, would never disappear.*]

There was a gay carter at Dudley
Fined £2 for driving when fuddley—
Whilst a man paid three quid
For gross cruelty did
To a pony. The judgments are muddley.

Bolshevist Intrigue.

As a rule, the Russian Bolshevist tries to convert his antagonists by blowing their brains out; but occasionally gentler methods are employed. Pamphlets containing the pure milk of the Bolshevist word have been translated into English and distributed among British soldiers on the various Russian fronts. Isn't it about time that an embargo was placed on such poisonous products of the pen?

Off.

With much regret, women who wish to marry their deceased husband's brother are informed that the publication of banns is postponed. We have never had much hope from this Government as to that consummation. Mr. Bonar Law now declares that Ministers are not prepared to introduce an enabling Bill in the matter. And what the Government won't do, nobody else can do.

The White Man's Burden.

There are quite a number of advertisements in the paper nowadays for young men wanted to go out to India, Burma and the Far East. The salary stated is usually in rupees. And it looks quite gaudy. But it isn't. At present prices in India, 250 to 300 rupees a month is starvation wages. No single man should think of going out there for less than 500 rupees a month, and no married man, however small his family, for less than 750. It's no use taking up the white man's burden on a black man's wages.

A "Beautiful Situation."

This is a funny advert., but it is supposed to be serious:—"Situations vacant. A Week's Keep or more given to any able-bodied Man in Exchange for his services in Orchard and Garden. Also a site suitable for a Bell tent, beautiful situation, 3½ miles Stafford. Acton Trussell House, Acton Trussell." There you are, you able-bodied ones. A chance to toil and moil, dig, delve, and labour hard, for a week or more, and nothing to pay for doing it! You can take your own tent, because they will not lodge you, but they give you God's fresh air free of charge. And, if you have no tent, you could sleep under a hedge.

Pity the Poor Railway!

Why your travel still costs you more is prettily expounded by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. "More than 27 per cent. of their engines await repair. Out of 5,263 men released for the Army, only 2,279 have yet returned. The service has been reduced by 25 per cent. The system is carrying 70,000 per day more than before the war." Now, let us think, and weigh it up. 27 per cent. fewer engines means so much less coal consumed. 3,000 men still away means an appreciable diminution in wages. And 70,000 more passengers every day, all paying 50 per cent. more on a service reduced by 25 per cent.—well, if that is the way the company loses money, it must find it difficult.

Roundabout Ramping.

How's this for the roundabouts? "I should like to point out," writes a resident at West Ealing, "that during the Peace Celebrations I saw a roundabout at a fair make £32 12s. in a single hour by charging 1s. a run of one minute, timed by myself and friend." This is so high for the roundabout that we must charitably assume the proprietors were heavily losing on the swings.

Pot and Kettle.

The Universal Trading Company has just added a fresh touch of humour to its advertisements by the warning to prospective customers, "Don't confuse our name with rival firms who copy our mode of business, but whose methods are very unsatisfactory." If this is not the last word in brass-bound impudence, tell us.

The Blockade.

A reader tells a pretty little story of a Wood Green firm. His wife ordered a ton of coal a fortnight or more previous to delivery by the firm on Monday, 21st July—the very day on which Smillie decreed that 6s. a ton extra should be put on coal. "As," says the purchaser, "yesterday was a Sunday and Saturday a general holiday, I think it very unlikely that they paid the extra 6s. a ton which they made me pay." What a—well, now, isn't it?

Hun Lovers.

What did we tell you? Already the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom are eager to shake hands with the Hun. Moved by this disgraceful impulse, they have the effrontery to declare that the victorious Allies "have enforced their will by might rather than by right" and that England has forgotten "how to be just in the hour of victory." Happily the wives and mothers of our fighting men are not likely to be contaminated by these feminine admirers of "the Blond Beast."

Watch this figure GROW!
The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is: 109
For Registration Forms see page 20.

Verb. Sap.

We suggest to some of our contemporaries that the term "crocks," which they are fond of applying to our disabled heroes, is in the worst possible taste. At the best it implies a half contemptuous pity, which, as we have reason to know, is bitterly resented by some of the men who have made all but the supreme sacrifice in the interests of home and Freedom. Probably no harm is intended, but the evil that is "wrought by want of thought" is so easy to avoid and so hard to undo.

The Sovereign's Lament.

I once was of envied renown, through the town,
Now reduced in my circs., let me own—
For I once was a quid,
Up three d. on a bid,
But the Yankees have got me right down, half-a-crown.

It's a long tearful tale I could tell, how I fell
Through Hunsheviks you know very well;
My honour I lost
By the strikes which they bossed,
And still they are ringing my knell. What a sell!

Belfast's Murphies.

In the Belfast district, where the Ministry of Food potato auctions are the first to attract our notice, hundreds of tons of them are rotting while poor people are buying at 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d. a stone and watching lorry loads going to the muck heap. And this is what the country is being hoaxed into believing is control of food.

A Nice Little House.

There is a house to let—in Belfast. But do not hurry to catch the first boat. It is quite a modest little house, and the advertiser also starts quite modestly:—"House to let (shortly) . . . 1½d. stage; rent £26 and taxes; occupation could be arranged immediately." That is quite nice. He proceeds:—"But" (and this is where you need to take a long breath) "applicants must be willing to buy entire furnishings (approx. £300) and pay one year's rent in advance." Phew! £326, cash down, to enter into a ten-bob-a-week dwelling!

Blood—and Fire!

From Southend-on-Sea: "Some three years ago my husband became an agent for the Salvation Army Assurance Co., they having full knowledge of his age when men were hard to get, and paying all his own expenses from the north. Now they turn him off, giving him the reason that he is too old. They have given his book to a young man, and tell my husband they have nothing else to offer him." The motto of the Salvation Army is Blood and Fire. They have had this man's blood, and now they fire him. As somebody says in "Macbeth," "This is indeed a bloody business."

The Naughty Pillar-Box.

"Put not your trust in"—pillar-boxes at Chichester. There is one at the station there, brazenly announcing it is cleared three times a day, two of them being 9.15 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. A confiding reader posted three letters on three consecutive days, soon after nine on each occasion. And, when he saw the envelopes again, they were all post-marked 4.45 p.m., the which fact represented financial loss. Of course they are sorry at the Chichester P.O. They "regret to inform" the poster that "the letter-box was omitted to be cleared," a fact of which he was unfortunately too well aware. As for the "regrets," the P.O. is not half as sorry as is the victimised poster.

Ignoring the Exchanges.

Occasionally, at intervals, appear advertisements in the London Press for ledger clerks, cashiers, storekeepers, etc., wanted by the Accountan's Branch, Army Unit, 20, Copthall Avenue. It is a source of wonderment why these periodical announcements should not be made through the Labour Exchange, instead of through an expensive City office where "no interview" is granted "except by appointment." Knowing the number of capable and experienced men out of work, we wager that one application to the Exchange would—to use an expressive colloquialism—have "cop'd all" the men needed, whereas Copthall Avenue continues advertising, moon after moon.

Now's the Time—

To win a "Bullets" Holiday Prize. Last few weeks of these special prizes. See page 20.

Candid Communications.——

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To General Sir Nevil Macready, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.

Dear General,—After the manly way in which you have dealt with the force under your command, I never had the smallest doubt that it would remain true to its oath, and would refuse to listen to the voice of the Bolshevik. I know it is your ambition to make the Metropolitan Police the finest body in the world—if indeed it is not that already—and, having got rid of the disloyal element, all is well. Congratulations. John Bull.

George Scarlet, Bristol.

Brute,—Having held an eight weeks-old kitten by the neck, throttled it, struck it about the head with your fist, and concluded your performance by dashing the hapless animal on to a concrete floor, you were sent to prison for 21 days by the benignant Magistrates of Bristol, who seem to have been labouring under the delusion that they were making the punishment fit the crime. Scarlet by name, you are scarlet by nature; and, by reason of your bloodthirsty propensities, unfit for the society of decent men.

John Bull.

To Sir James Owen. Mayor of Exeter,

Dear Sir James,—Apropos of your statement before the House of Lord Select Committee that "it was the general opinion in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, and Dorset that the demand of dairy farmers for 2d. a gallon extra is sheer profiteering," I find a similar conviction everywhere. The truth is, the farmers get from the Government whatever they care to demand. While the Prime Minister tickles the cupidity of the farmers with prophesies of protected high prices, the Food Minister doles to the public his dirge that "milk will never be really cheap again," and meanwhile it is common knowledge in every country town where farmers do congregate that, in the words of the Psalmist, "their eyes stand out with fatness and they have more than heart could wish."

John Bull.

To Mrs. Quarterman, Ascot.

Dear Madam,—I had the pleasure of complimenting you on your pluck in running a mile along the railway-line, in a storm, to a signal-box, so saving a train from dashing into a collapsed embankment, which blocked the rail. Following the publication of my letter came an announcement that the L. & S.W. Railway had presented you with a pearl and sapphire brooch. If this second letter of mine should lead to yet another awakening of the Company, please let me know. John Bull.

Finlay Kerr, Esq., Superintendent Veterinary Inspector, Dept. of Agriculture for Ireland.

Sir.—You admit that the operation of dishorning cattle—either by clipping off the top of the horn with shears, or by the horn being sawn through—is a brutal business, causing the poor creatures excruciating pain, during which they roar and struggle. You admit that there is frequently a good deal of hæmorrhage and suppuration, causing considerable pain for some time—and yet you ask for this horror to go on for two more years without the use of anæsthetics, as otherwise Irish breeders would suffer loss of money! I really cannot understand you.

John Bull.

To Sir J. Lorne MacLeod, Lord Provost, Edinburgh.

Dear Lord Provost,—Owing to the recommendation of your Lordship and the Magistrates, I am informed the local publicans closed down on Peace Day. I suppose the idea was to keep ex-soldiers and other horrid folk out of the wet. It was also thoughtful on your part to arrange that special dinner to the Council, their wives, and their friends. What did *they* and you take to drink on that suspicious occasion, by the way? Rumour has it that not many of the guests suffered from hydrocephalus the next morning—and, judging by the sounds of revelry by night in the hotels devoting themselves to the other higher circles in Auld Reekie, it is not considered possible that *they* could have had water on the brain either. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. E. S. Montagu, M.P., Secretary of State for India.

Dear Mr. Montagu,—I am surprised to learn that your Committee of Inquiry into the administration of the Indian Army is to have no authority to investigate the position and pay of its British Officers. The grievances of this fine class of men, with regard to pay and promotion, have long been notorious, and their conditions of service cry aloud for revision. Surely now is the time.

John Bull.

To Captain H. Beeney, Surveyor District Council, Chertsey.

Sir,—If it is true the Bisley cottage-housing scheme of the Council is being held up by an army of officials who are fooling it about with all sorts of quips and quibbles, then I think it is about time the Ministry of Health directed them to get out and get about as quick as he can say "Hustle." I gather from you that if the Council had been allowed a reasonably free hand, some of the cottages by this time would have been almost ready for occupation, but as it is there's nothing doing. The *mot juste* for such a state of affairs is "abominable."

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Bart., M.P., Pensions Minister.

Sir,—There is, of course, no need to call your attention to the Report of the Parliamentary Committee which, under the chairmanship of Major Astor, M.P., has been inquiring into the prevalence of tuberculosis among ex-Service men. My object is rather to press upon you the need for immediate action in the interest of the 35,000 gallant fellows who were found to be suffering from this dread disease as a direct result of their service in the Army or Navy. The existing facilities for their treatment are said by the Committee to be "seriously inadequate." This scandalous reproach must be instantly removed. John Bull.

BISCUITS AND BOUNCE.

MORE "DIRECT ACTION" AGAINST THE CONSUMER.

The well-known firms of Peak, Frean & Co., Huntley and Palmer, Crawford & Sons, Macfarlane & Co., W. R. Jacob & Co., McVitie and Price, and others have again got busy putting up the prices; and all their circulars announcing the fact were issued on the same day, enforced from the same time, and are composed almost in the same words. Talk about "direct action"! On July 1st they advised the new prices "on all orders bearing a postmark of later date than Wednesday, 2nd July." The grab and greed once decided on by the Biscuit Ramp, they tolerate no delay. So far as we can make out, there are only 32 firms in the business. They have wiped out competition in prices by marking them up all round. The financial accounts of two of these firms, so far as they are explicit, are illuminating. Under the heading of "Shareholders' undivided profits and reserves," Messrs. Huntley and Palmer declared £177,890 in 1914; £154,114 in 1915; £178,821 in 1916; £327,719 in 1917; £302,242 in 1918; and in 1919 the crown of glory—£427,871. The accounts of Messrs. Peak, Frean and Co. are rather more intricate, but the balance sheets since 1915 also speak eloquently of the fact that the firm has had a glorious war. The more profit the biscuit firms have grabbed, the less they have been satisfied. For this reason we suggest to the Profiteering Committee that they should invite Messrs. Huntley and Palmer and the other firms in the Biscuit Ramp to come up for examination, judgment and sentence.

A SPITEFUL PROSECUTION.

WAITRESS SUMMONED FOR CHARGING TOO LITTLE.

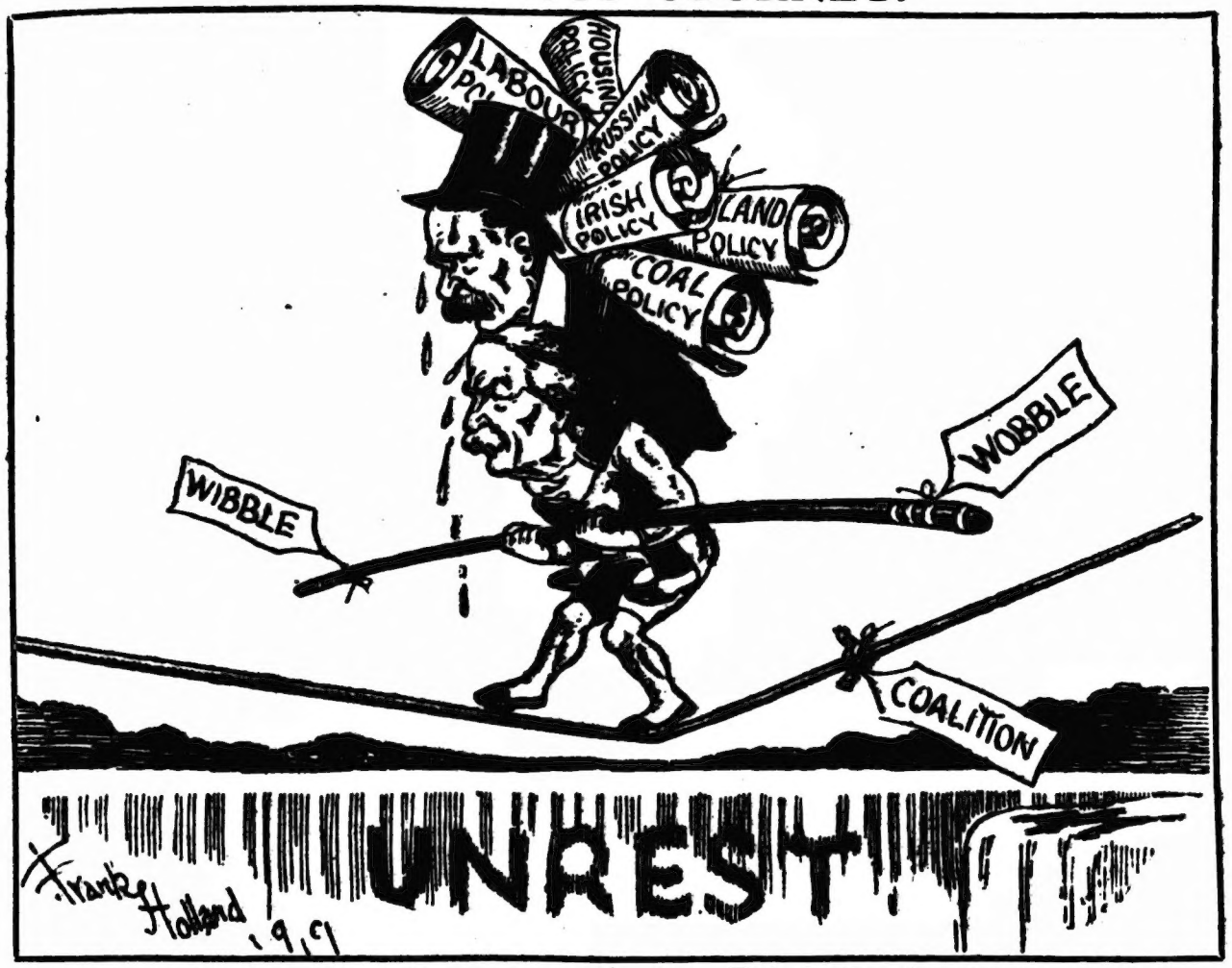
A few days ago, at the Dunfermline City Police Court, "a respectable-looking young woman, resident in Rosyth," was charged with fraud, at the instance of a Mr. Dick, the proprietor of an establishment in which she had worked as a waitress, for charging 2s. 6d. too little for five meals of ham and eggs. Not too much, mark you, but too little—hence the righteous fury of the impeccable Mr. Dick. Before the Dunfermline Bench, the facts were gone into fully. Instead of 2s. 6d., the tariff price for a plate of ham and eggs, the waitress had let the customers off with 2s. The girl said—and the Magistrate, believed her—that it was an honest mistake. Conceivably she may have thought that 2s. was enough for a couple of eggs and a small portion of pig. Satisfied with this explanation the Bench dismissed the summons. But you should have heard Mr. Dick. Goodness knows what might have happened to the waitress's reputation if the angry prosecutor had not had the misfortune to leave his evidence at home. The girl had probably been tipped by the customers to knock sixpence off their bills. Doubtless it was a nice little put-up job between the waitress and her habitual clients. Prove it, Mr. Dick? Of course, he couldn't prove it. Not the smallest fragment of evidence could he adduce in support of his random accusations. But the loss of half-a-crown is more than sufficient to cause a certain type of tradesman to lose his head and howl to Heaven like a braying jackass to the moon.

THE ALIEN SCANDAL.

HOME OFFICE APATHY AND ITS DIRE RESULTS.

A lurid sidelight on the alien peril was furnished in the Courts last week, when Lewis Wittenberg, described as a Russian, carrying on business in Regent Street, W., under the name of L. White, was summoned for failing to register under the Business Names Act the fact that he had taken a man into partnership. It appears that Wittenberg was no stranger to the police. At Scotland Yard it was known that "for a number of years he had been the associate of women of a certain class, and their bullies," while the Regent Street business, carried on in the name of White, ostensibly that of an estate agent, "consisted mainly of finding apartments for loose women and undesirables." A further interesting disclosure was to the effect that this rascally Russian was recommended for deportation in 1916, although since permitted to remain in this country on the ground of his marriage to an Englishwoman. For his omission to register, Wittenberg was fined £25 and costs—but the matter cannot be allowed to rest there. Here is an alien of the worst type, engaged in an immoral traffic in the very heart of London, yet as soon as it is proposed to rid the country of his loathsome presence, the weak-kneed authorities find—in the person of an Englishwoman to whom, in all likelihood, the tie of marriage with this abandoned creature had proved far more of a curse than a blessing—an excuse for ignoring their duty. It is for the nation to decide whether it will continue to nourish such vipers in our midst. The Home Office authorities are evidently not to be trusted.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.



Oppressed with fear just tinged with hope,
They plod across the trembling rope;

Tho' why they chose this risky way
To cross the stream we cannot say.

HERO THRASHED IN MADHOUSE.

BRUTAL WARDER GETS OFF WITH A FINE.

We wish to call the attention of the British public to a most serious case. A man named Harry Jones, charge-hand at the Monmouthshire Asylum, recently appeared before the local bench of Magistrates—not at the instance of the Asylum authorities, who declined to take steps in the matter, but at that of the Public Prosecutor. Now in that institution was a sergeant discharged from the Army on account of shell-shock. It was monstrous, in the first place, that a disabled hero should be there at all. But wait! According to Jones's own testimony, the ex-sergeant was not violent, but "constantly troublesome and aggravating, and more like a mischievous child than anything else." Precisely! He was suffering from shell-shock, and Jones was there to look after him. Anyhow, on the day of our tale, again according to Jones, the ex-sergeant "had been very restless during tea-time." He came up to the attendants' table, and Jones made him sit down. According to the evidence of three other attendants, Jones gripped the ex-sergeant by the scarf, bumped his head and struck him. The Medical Superintendent of the Asylum found the patient with several scratches on the face, the left eye bloodshot and blackened, a bump on the back of the head the size of an egg, bruises round the neck where the scarf had been twisted, or the neck gripped, and fresh grazes on the left hip, left shoulder, the pit of the stomach and the forearm. On two previous occasions the Medical Superintendent had warned Jones with regard to his treatment of patients. And yet for this brutal, this shameful assault under trust upon a broken hero, Jones was fined £10 with £5 costs. But what are we to think of the Bench which condones such cruelty? And what is to be the fate of any inmate of an asylum whose authorities are so nonchalant as those at Monmouthshire—above all of the men who are there because they served their country—if any brute may treat them like this, and get off so lightly?

SHAMEFUL FATHERHOOD.

MURDERER OF CHILD'S HONOUR GOES SCOT FREE.

An extremely painful case is reported from Hythe, Kent, where a child of 14, described by the Rescue Officer as "a pretty girl and a very promising scholar," has become the mother of an unwanted baby. The facts as reported to us make up a poignant tale of anguish and betrayal. The home of the girl's mother sheltered a lodger—a man with some military service, yet base enough to make this mere child the instrument of his unbridled lust. In the circumstances, the offence was a criminal outrage, but, for a time, the guilt of the betrayer was successfully hidden. Three months' advanced in pregnancy, the poor child was still attending school, aware of illness, but wholly unconscious of her true condition. At a later period, the dumbfounded horror of the parents and preoccupation with the details of confinement for the poor little mother gave the culprit a further period of respite, and when, finally, he was brought up at the Hythe Police Court on a charge under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the demands of Justice were defeated by lapse of time. It is a statutory provision that such prosecutions must be commenced within six months of the date of the offence alleged, but, in this case, it was not till the child had been born that its criminal father was called to account. Into the reasons for this delay there should be a searching examination. Possibly no blame may attach to the police, but, in their own interest, and that of the public, a full explanation should be demanded. There are cogent reasons for the six months' time limit for charges of this nature, although it will be a shock to most people to learn that there is a legal loophole through which the seducer of a thirteen-year-old child can escape the just reward of his depravity. In hearing the case behind closed doors—and in the absence of reporters—the Hythe Magistrates were no doubt moved by a desire to save the feelings of the poor girl and her parents, but the secrecy attaching to such proceedings has its peculiar perils.

GOVERNMENT GRAB.

A SOLDIER DONE OUT OF HIS INTEREST.

Just before proceeding on active service to Gallipoli, in July, 1915, a soldier bought, at a local post office, War Loan scrip vouchers to the value of £5. These should have been presented in December of the same year, for the purpose of conversion into 4½ per cent. War Stock or Bonds. But a man cannot face death in the Dardanelles and walk into an English Post Office at the same moment. Upon return, however, last March, the Comptroller and Accountant-General informed him that the scrip vouchers would be exchanged for cash at their face value—which meant that the returned soldier was deprived of the interest his loan to the nation had been earning during the four years he was away fighting for his country! It is an action of the veriest Shylock.

"IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS."

EDUCATION COMMITTEE'S ASTOUNDING ACTION.

There are queer people on the Acton Education Committee, as is proved by their topsy-turvy attitude in the matter of C. H. Pett, the Conchy assistant-teacher, who, upon JOHN BULL making public his record, felt he "would be happier elsewhere," and tendered his resignation. A sub-committee recommended that it be accepted, but the full Committee has over-ruled that decision. Pett then withdrew his resignation. Some of the members of the Committee had curious things to say. Mr. Carter said "conscientious objectors were now held in high esteem even by people who had formerly opposed them." We deny every word of that; nobody "esteems" those cringers except the spineless folk who have always beslavered them. Mr. Mawby said "conscientious objection was a statutory right." But Objects who failed to prove their "conscience" went to prison. Mr. Arney prated of forgiveness of enemies, and asked, "What man was likely to exercise a better influence on boys than the man who obeyed the dictates of conscience?" The boys of Acton Wells School, and the girls, will probably answer that question for themselves.

BACK RECKONINGS AND NEW DEBTS.

SURPRISE FOR M.A.B. EMPLOYEES.

From several members of the staff of a hospital under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Asylums Board we have received a protest against their treatment through a Board of Trade regulation regarding the superannuation fund. During the war a regulation was passed by the Local Government Board to the effect that all employees absent on Service must still contribute to the superannuation fund. The Board did not communicate this fact to absent employees, and they knew nothing about it till they resumed their situations. In the case of one of our correspondents, the result of refusing to pay these arrears, on the grounds that he was not notified of the debt, is that the Board has retaliated by stopping an increase in the war bonus payable from 1st April, 1919. Thus he has not only to pay the arrears, but loses the increased bonus until the debt is liquidated. Another case in point is that of men who married whilst absent. The Board also decided that separation allowance should count as pay in the case of those who were receiving their wages during absence. They also forgot to notify this to the men concerned, the consequence being that on their return they find themselves overpaid, in some cases to the tune of £25, which they are expected to refund out of their present wages. There must be something very slack and sloppy about the business methods of the Metropolitan Asylums Board in springing these back reckonings on the Service men in this way.

SCANDAL OF A CRIPPLE HOME.

THE BUTCHER BULLY AND THE PARALYSED CHILD.

PICTURE the lad. Deserted by his father, his mother dead, he lives in a home for cripples—Bethany Home for Crippled Children, at Kinver, fifteen miles from Birmingham. His name is George Sandell, and he was sent to the home at the suggestion of a Court Missionary three years ago, when he was before the Tipton Bench for theft. What the nature of the theft was we do not know, but we do know that the lad has suffered tortures since that well-meaning Bench consigned him to the "tender care" of Richard Davis—on probation. In Purgatory would be the better description. For Davis is a butcher by trade and a brutal bully by nature. The little lad, with his paralysed leg, is nevertheless a lad of spirit. His chief offence—or at any rate the one which brought upon him the cruel blows of the butcher and "philanthropist," secretary and superintendent of the Bethany Home, is love of cricket—which kept him out playing until dusk—stealing a little daylight and—he has another awful failing, said the cringing creature, when trying to defend and excuse his brutal bullying—"bird nesting seemed a mania with him"!

"Philanthropist's" Paternal Punishment.

One night the crippled orphan slept in the open air—he was afraid to return because he had again stayed to play cricket with some other boys, and on the previous occasion Mrs. Davis struck him with a walking-stick, and the butcher bully hit him a heavy blow on the head with a shoe. But the bully was not to be baulked of his "duty." He waited a couple of days, and then gave the 13-year-old cripple an unmerciful thrashing with his walking-stick, which he broke over the child's body. When the doctor examined George Sandell subsequently, there was a large raised mass of bruises at the back of the left shoulder blade, five inches long by three inches wide; there was a smaller mass of bruises on the near side of the left shoulder blade, also bruises over the lower part of the right shoulder blade and above the right elbow.

But where you find brutality to children you generally find neglect. And here is the doctor's description of the condition in which he found this little lad, inmate of Bethany Home, an institution—if it can be so-called—which lives on the donations of the charitable:—

> His skin was dirty, and there were many flea-bites, old and recent, on the chest, legs and forearms. His scalp was dirty, and so were his feet and legs, the dirt being ingrained and of long standing. The condition of his left leg was poor, due to his deformity—talipes equinis. The boy walked on the ball of his great toe. His boots were old, and the right one was a man's and worn out. His stockings were dirty and in holes, and his clothing was generally poor and dirty. Since being removed to the Union the boy's condition had much improved. His deformity was due to infantile paralysis, but although the condition was incurable it might be considerably improved by proper treatment. The condition in which he found the boy would cause him unnecessary suffering and injury to his health.

And when charged at the Brierley Hill Police Court with wilful neglect and ill treatment of this crippled lad, Richard Davis—who is a butcher by trade and only a bully in his spare time, whined as all such curs whine, charged the cripple with being not only a bully but a thief, pleaded that he did not know he was "bruising the boy," pretended to be very sorry—"in fact he felt as much pained over it as the boy." He had nothing to say about the flea bites and the ingrained dirt—as to the filthy clothing "the funds available were not sufficient to enable him to clothe the boy adequately." The case ended with a fine of £25 and costs, as to which we can only say that imprisonment would have been the more fitting finale

But there is a moral to it all—which is that such places as the Bethany Home should be forthwith closed. These centres of neglect and cruelty are a disgrace to us as a Christian nation. This particular "Home" was started by the Rev. E. G. Hexall, a draper who ordained himself and sent children into music halls and public houses to secure funds for the "Rev." philanthropist. One of his stunts was to send out an appeal from "Little Georgie," born without hands, whose portrait was used as a lure, the donations to be placed in a blank envelope and handed to a collector. No receipt was given, so that there was no check on the amounts received. When the "Rev." draper died, he bequeathed the Home to the butcher bully, who of course makes nothing out of it—they never do. But the report of the "Home" shows that in 1917 the cripples collected £137 and that subscriptions brought up the total to £880. Yet this unhappy lad is dirty, illclothed and disgracefully shod because "the funds available were not sufficient"—and that with only 17 cripples to look after!

Canting Camouflage.

Those who know anything about the care of crippled children, realise the need for careful moral training. There is a chapel in the "Home," but it has not been opened for 18 months. *Visitors to the institution are shown the chapel.* Of the 17 inmates, seven go out to school, the rest it appears are taught shorthand and typewriting by one of the boys who also figures in the "literature" as the clerk of the concern. Need we say more? This is one of those cases in which the Home Office should at once interfere. It is not necessary to go behind the Police Court proceedings to emphaise the danger of committing cripples to the cruel mercies of a man like Davis. We have many institutions, well and ably conducted, where those unfortunate children who would otherwise be thrown on the tender merciei of the world are tactfully trained, and where they find something of that parental tenderness of which Fate has sought to rob them. High sounding names are no proper substitute for care and good training where cripples are concerned; and we have no hesitation in declaring, in view of the evidence put forward by the N.S.P.C.C., that the Bethany Home should not only be struck off the lists of the charitable, but that it should be shut up.

FISH AND THE FAKERS.

TRAWLER OWNERS DENY "UNDREAMED FORTUNES."

Evidently trawler-owners are not only fishy, but touchy. Mr. G. C. L. Howell, Organising Secretary of the British Trawlers' Federation, Ltd., is very, very anxious to convince us that his people are not making undreamed-of fortunes. "Fish is, and always has been," he strenuously asserts, "sold by public auction, and when prices were controlled, they were fixed without reference to the produce." More accurate, however, would it be to say that the prices were fixed without reference to the consumer. Even the humblest fish, all the riff-raff of the sea, were priced up to extortionate levels. "The Federation," continues Mr. Howell, "is prepared to satisfy you that the trawler-owners have not earned 'undreamed-of fortunes' at the expense of the consumer, and that they never had a hand in any kind of ramp." The Federation cannot satisfy us about anything of the sort. While Mr. Howell has his mouth—or, rather, his pen—full of this *blague* and blether, the Great Northern Steam Fishing Co., of Hull, is going out of business on the profits it has made recently. Before the war, this concern had a fleet of sixty vessels, and paid 10 per cent. The shareholders will now receive from £36 to £38 for every £3 they have invested. Who has made all the war-money and all the peace-money out of fish? Nobody, perhaps, unless it is the consumer—who has had his fish under cost. Mr. Howell may tell that to the marines.

THAT FATAL LURE.

ENDORSEMENT OF OUR EMIGRATION WARNING.

Apropos of our remarks on the emigration question, the lady Editor of a smartly conducted Canadian journal favours us with an interesting instalment of "the truth about Canada." "No English girl," she says, "should marry a man unless she is assured by outside information that he really has a home to which to take her." In this respect "the girls in France were far more sensible." Some of them married Canadians, but "not until the Mayor of the town or M. le Curé had written to the priest of the parish to which the man belonged for full particulars." In many instances this is a very necessary precaution. A case is mentioned in which an English girl, "infatuated with the handsome presence of a straight, dark Canadian," married him and "came out with him to the home on the prairie he had promised her," there to find that "the home resolved itself into a dirty one-roomed shack, already occupied by a squaw and half-a-dozen children." A further warning relates to the enticements offered to servants. We are asked to "warn the girls strongly against coming out here as domestic servants, 'helps,' housekeepers, or whatever euphemistic name may be used. It simply means being general servant, cook, charwoman, laundress and general white slave, with no adequate recompense." The "lure of the Golden West" often proved the grave of romance and the cradle of disaster.

A MUNICIPALITY'S MEANNESS.

SOLDIER'S DIFFICULTY THEIR OPPORTUNITY.

Visitors to Llandudno before the war may remember the proprietor of the beach chairs, who, with one or two assistants, catered for their comfort on the sands. They may not, however, have known that for the monopoly of this business he paid the Urban District Council £110 per annum, a circumstance deserving to be borne in mind. In September, 1914, the beach chair proprietor joined the Colours, together with three of his employees, whom, in perfect good faith, he promised to reinstate on his resumption of business after the war. But the Urban District Council were busy with plans of their own. As soon as the chair proprietor joined the Army, they determined to take over the business themselves, raising the charges to the public from twopence to threepence a chair—and now, after 4½ years' service in Gallipoli, Egypt and Palestine, the ex-soldier returns to find his former business in the hands of the Council, and no prospect of recovering his old position. We are further informed that his beach chairs, etc., were bought up by the Council at an absurd price in satisfaction of some debt or other, which, but for his patriotic sacrifice, would never have been left outstanding. If the change is irrevocable, the very least the Llandudno Council should do is to find the ex-soldier and his former employees some work which may compensate them for their loss.

PEACE!

We've celebrated Peace, so now
  Let's make it a reality!
We've had our flag and firework show
  And vented our hilarity;
Our "Britons never, never shall!"
  To feelings gave release—
Now (speaking just as pal to pal)
  Let's have a little *Peace!*

It's no use having crushed the Hun
  At a terrific sacrifice,
If, now the dirty job is done,
  We sink in Bolshevistic vice:
Let our internal squabbles end,
  Our strikes and threatenings cease,
And (speaking just as friend to friend)
  Let's have a little *Peace!*

We know a weak-kneed Government
  Made possible the profiteer;
We know what bitter discontent
  Rose from the lack of decent beer;
We know the discharged soldier's fate
  Made angry thoughts increase:
But (speaking just as mate to mate)
  Let's have a little *Peace!*

Our glorious dead who shed their blood
  Upon the war-scarred Continent,
Died gladly for their country's *good*—
  Shall we, then, do it detriment?
Let the seditious voice be dumb,
  Give nobler aims a lease,
And (speaking just as chum to chum)
  Let's have a little *Peace!*

Industrial differences compose,
  Cease selfishly to agitate!
To-day, the veriest tyro knows
  That he's a unit of the State!
By methods constitutional
  The People's powers increase:
So (speaking just as pal to pal)
  Let's have a little *Peace!*

So now, our Celebrations done,
  Let's make peace a reality:
We had our cheering and our fun
  And, maybe, some banality:
Come, get to work, and put an end
  To squabbles—let them cease!
Then (speaking just as friend to friend)
  We'll have a genuine *Peace!*

A COMATOSE COMMITTEE.

NEED FOR A MOVE BY SCOTLAND YARD.

A Brixton taxi-driver, discharged from the Army about a year ago, has been kept out of work ever since then by what looks like total inaction on the part of some mysterious Committee. The man was refused a renewal of his driving licence on the ground that he had lost his right eye in the war. No account was taken of the fact that, while still in the Army, he was for many months driving a motor-lorry, despite the loss of his eye. His contention is that his ability as a driver is in no way affected, and he could easily pass all the usual tests for driving a taxi-cab. In January last, or earlier, it seems, there was set up a Committee to deal with cases of disabled soldiers and their licences. That Committee appears to have done nothing. In July, New Scotland Yard wrote that "the report of the Committee was expected at an early date." It is sadly and badly overdue. Its lack of hustle has kept this man kicking his heels in idleness for nearly a year, and probably there are hundreds of others in like case. Perhaps New Scotland Yard will be good enough to inquire into such inexcusable delay, and to see that the Report is quickly forthcoming. The position as it stands is terribly unfair to good men.

Skin Irritation
Quickly Cured.

Mr. S. WHITAKER, 21 Burlingthorpe Green, Leeds, writes: "For several years I suffered from skin rash, which came in the form of red blotches. They spread all over my body, and the itching was positive torture. I tried several remedies, but failed to get cured. The first application of Cadum Ointment stopped the itching, and in a week or so it had cleared every speck of the disease and cleaned my skin wonderfully."

There is an irresistible healing power in Cadum Ointment which ensures its success in every skin disease, disorder, inflammation, irritation or eruption.

Eczema, pimples, blotches, ringworm, burns, chaffing, sores, ulcers, etc., are quickly banished by this marvellous healer. The first application draws out the "fire and sting." The smarting ceases and a growth of new, healthy skin is at once stimulated.

Cadum Ointment
For Skin Troubles

At all Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/3 a box.

Take some with you

—on your holidays and you will find that you have with you an added enjoyment to your usual holiday pleasure. Sharp's Toffee Supreem is a welcome member in every party. Its flavour is irresistible, it is an ever insistent enticement for more of the purest and most appetising of goodies imaginable.

Sold Everywhere—where Sweets are sold—by weight, and in the familiar Oval Tins.

EDWARD SHARP & SONS, LTD.,
Kreemy Works, Maidstone.

SHARP'S TOFFEE SUPREEM

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE POET LAUREATE.

'Air cut? Close or meejum? . . . You *don't care if I take it all orf?* 'Ow's that, sir? . . . *No use to you?* Well, you know best about that, sir; but it seems a pity to distroy a nice crop like yours. There's a reg'lar mania for short 'air nowadays. On account o' the wore, no doubt. Influence of Army life an' all that, I dessay. Even poets wear their 'air short nowadays, I'm told. . . . I beg your pardon, sir. . . . *Can I mention any livin' short-'aired poets?* Easy. There's Rudyard Kiplin', fur one. And a top 'ole poet 'e is. Then there's Alfred Noyes, an' Newbolt, an'—oh, any amount of 'em. . . . *There's one I 'aven't mentioned?* 'Oo? . . . Oh, *the Poet Laureate.* But 'e ain't wot you ma'call a short-'aired poet, is 'e? . . . . Wot's that? *'E will be in a minute?* 'Ow—wot—you don't mean to tell me *you're* the Poet Laureate, do you, sir . . . ?

* * * *

Well, I *am* surprised! I thought you was dead, sir! Or gone out of bizniss . . . *Mind me own bizniss?* That's jest what I *am* a-doin' of. The Poet Laureate's a public official, ain't 'e? 'E's supposed to celebrate national events in verse, ain't 'e? But 'e don't, an' it's up to any British subjeck to arsk the reason w'y. 'Ave you gone on strike, or wot is it? Wot's the good of us winnin' a great wore if there ain't no poet to make a poem up about it, like wot Tennyson done about the Charge o' the Light Brigade? 'Ave you downed tools? If you wasn't paid for your job it wouldn't matter so much. But I tell you straight, sir, as man to man, you oughter do somethink for your sack o' butt, or butt o' sack, wotever it is. . . . *You can't always command inspiration?* Shorely this wore's bin big enough to suggest somethink extra speshul? I know it ain't always easy to write. I know that from me own experience. On'y yesterday I set down to write a letter to an ole pal wot I 'aven't 'eard of for donkey's years. Well, I got as fur as "Dear Fred," an' there I stuck! I 'adn't got no inspiration. But then, you see, I ain't a poet. Leastways, certain people wot I've shown bits o' verses to wot I've wrote say I ain't. But I've got me own opinion. Between you an' me, I shouldn't be surprised if one or two little things wot I've done don't live arfter me! Wot about this:

Tell you a story? All right, sir!
  One night, as I stood in me shop,
A man—'e was pritty near tight, sir—
  Came in an' set down for a crop.
"The 'airs of me 'ead are all numbered,
  Accordin' to Scripture," sed 'e;
"Git on with it! But, on no account cut
  'Air number four thousand an' three!"
I could see in a jiff 'e was mad, sir,
  To——

Shut up? You tell *me* to "*shut up,*" sir? You're jealous—that's wot it is. You can see me doin' you out o' your job. You're afraid of losin' your batt of suck! But let me proceed with me poem:

I could see in a jiff 'e was mad, sir——
Oh, all right, all right! Bay rhum or Tozora? . . . That's it, sir. Goo' day. . . . Calls 'imself a poet! W'y, I'd give 'im ten lines start in fifty any day, an' guarantee me rhymes!

With the Armistice there has been no falling off in the demand for the JOHN BULL Pen on the part of our soldiers and sailors. They are in great favour with our troops on the Rhine, and correspondents tell us that Germans to whom they have been shown express their highest admiration of them, whilst it has been suggested that very profitable business could be done in that quarter. Needless to say, however, we are not desirous of trading with the enemy. Will those who have written on this point accept this—the only—intimation? By the way, the demand in France for the pens is now very great, and agencies have been established in many of the principal towns.

THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

EXHIBITION ARRANGEMENTS WELL IN HAND—OUR FIRST SOUVENIR TROPHY.

The arrangements for adapting the great German submarine—now the property of JOHN BULL—for the purpose of public exhibition and at the same time utilising a portion of her spare material for the production of Victory Souvenirs, are now well in hand, and we hope next week to be able to announce where the under-sea monster may first be seen. It is necessary to remove a certain portion of her interior to provide room for the passage of visitors through the vessel, and this work has been placed in the hands of an eminent firm of shipping engineers. Nothing, however, will be removed which will in any way destroy the interest of the exhibition; and we are taking special care to see that the wonderful periscope remains intact—the periscope through which the German Captain so often looked in vain for an opportunity of sinking the British fleet. It is the most wonderful appliance of its kind ever made, and commands miles of land, sea and sky. A peep up the periscope will be one of the most interesting items in the view which, for a nominal fee, we shall offer to the general public—readers of this journal, by the production of a special coupon which we shall print, obtaining precedence. We have arranged with the Admiralty that all profits from the exhibition of the vessel shall be handed over to King George's Fund for Sailors, so that the pleasure of visitors will be enhanced by the knowledge that they are also helping so good a cause.

As regards the souvenirs, we are considering many suggestions and designs, but by way of a start we have decided to reproduce John Bull and his dog as he appeared on our cover for years before the war, and will shortly, we hope, reappear—when Peace is finally secured. This trophy will be in the form of a model, which may also be used as a paper weight, and should constitute an eloquent memento of Britain's victory over the Hun. Each souvenir will bear our stamped guarantee of genuineness— that is to say, that it has been made exclusively out of metal from the *Deutschland*. It will be a very artistic production, and will be sold at a nominal price—which we shall announce next week. Orders will then be received and executed in rotation, and we suggest that no better present could be made to young children—to serve in years to come as a reminder of the prowess and valour of their forefathers. Here again we shall supply a coupon for the use of our readers, entitling them to procure the souvenir at a substantial discount.

We have received many congratulations upon our unique purchase—which is regarded by many as a Napoleonic achievement. We are sure that our readers generally will co-operate with us in getting every ounce of educational and patriotic benefit out of it. We can conceive of no greater humiliation to the Hun than that what was intended to be his most diabolical weapon for our destruction, should be converted into a permanent emblem of our triumph.

THE SAME OLD GAME.

REVIVAL OF THE HERBAL CIGARETTE IMPOSTURE.

It is sad to find readers with such short memories as to again fall victims to the Herbal Cigarette swindle, fully exposed so frequently in these columns, only a few short years ago. After an interval of quiet—due, doubtless, to the fact that we had rendered their game difficult and dangerous,—the scamps have resumed operations. They have diddled a woman shopkeeper at Hale, Cheshire, out of £5 8s., which she was beguiled into paying for a parcel of things called Stramonium Herbal Cigarettes. They worked the wheeze in the old, familiar way. A plausible person called, representing himself as agent for a firm of Herbal Cigarette Manufacturers in the City Road, London. He offered her the "agency" for the district to sell Stramonium cigarettes, promising to pay a fee of four guineas per annum to her. Believing that specious yarn, she was induced to buy a stock of the Stramonium things for £5 8s., and remains loaded with them. A letter addressed to the "firm" at the address given, was returned by the post-office, marked, "Not known without a number." Of course she will never receive her four guineas fee, and she will be lucky if she ever sells a box of those Stra——or Straw—monium Herbal horrors called cigarettes. Small shopkeepers must be on their guard against callers who have the gift of the gab, and can tell the tale adroitly enough to cajole relatively large sums out of them. One of the usual inducements is the offer of extensive advertising, free, of the victim's "agency" in the columns of the local press, and by means of handbills—performance of these rosy promises of course failing to materialise. Trust in no promises, and buy no pig in a poke, nor even herbs in paper.

REPATRIATION CONFUSION.

UNPLEASANT PLIGHT OF A PATRIOT.

In October, 1914, a British-born subject left New Jersey, U.S.A., for England, with the object of joining the Army. Being rejected, on account of deafness, he did the next best thing by obtaining munitions work. In June, 1916, he was joined by his wife and four children, but almost immediately after the Armistice was signed work ceased at the factory, and on the 28th November, 1918, he applied to the Labour Ministry for repatriation. About four months later (16th March, to be precise), he was instructed by the Ministry of Labour to apply for passports, etc., and, nearly three months later a letter notified him that a passage had been arranged for him, his wife and family, by s.s. *Canada*—sailing from Liverpool on 12th June. Proceeding at once to the American Consulate, he was met with a flat refusal to "visé" his passport, for the reason "that present conditions would not allow of them proceeding." The Labour Ministry was appealed to, who applied to the Foreign Office—who applied to Lord Noes-Hoo. The good ship *Canada* sailed, however, on June 13th, but short of its repatriation contingent, many of whom were, in consequence, reduced to deplorable conditions—homeless, workless, and with their baggage sent on in advance. One victim of this scandalous muddle received—on June 13th—a wire from the Minister of Labour saying that the U.S.A. Consul would now "visé" passports, and instructing him to join the *Canada* at the "earliest possible moment." But the *Canada* was then steaming down the Mersey! We understand that the Out-of-Work Dole is being paid to those left behind; it is, however, poor consolation.

A SOLDIER'S REWARD.

WORKLESS BECAUSE HE SERVED TOO LONG.

There are countless instances of broken faith with demobilised soldiers, but it is not always possible to press home the charge so completely as in the case of the Brighton and Hove Supply Association, Limited, of Palmeira House, Hove. Prior to his mobilisation with the Territorial Force, Sergeant R. H. Mockeridge of the R.F.A. was employed in the counting-house at Hove, and the good fellow had every excuse for believing that on release from the Army he would be reinstated in his old job. Half-way through the war this impression was confirmed by the receipt of the following letter from the Secretary:

> As you are now returned from Active Service, and if you are able to obtain your discharge, I write to say that we shall be very pleased to reinstate you in your old position in this Office as soon as you can make arrangements to take it up.

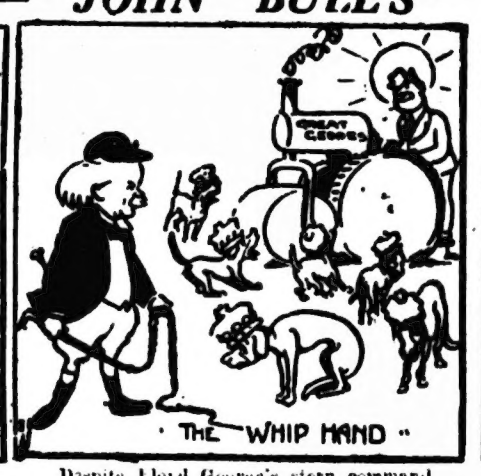
Unfortunately for his civil prospects, the sergeant's discharge was deferred until after the Armistice, and in the interval the benevolent intentions of his former employers had suffered a sea-change, as witness the following disappointing postcript to their promises of an earlier date.

> We are in receipt of your letter of the 16th inst., but as we are fully staffed in our counting-house, we regret there is no situation we can offer you.

Evidently the man's services to his King and country had lasted too long for the patience of the Brighton and Hove Supply Association. Was there no help for it? If not, what a pity; if so, what a shame! We gather that on Peace Day the Palmeira House Stores decorated their premises with wreaths of laurel and the inscription "Thanks to the Boys." Very nice too; but gratitude should begin at home.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Whichever side the fight may sway,
John Bull, it seems, will have to pay.



Despite Lloyd George's stern command,
The noble dogs get out of hand.

Fulfilment Kipling sees with pride,
Of what long since he prophesied.

The Government is not yet freed
From liking for the Hunnish breed.

WHAT MR. BOTTOMLEY SAYS.

Winged Words from the Editor.

What Mr. Bottomley says goes. He has the knack of saying things straight and to the point. He never seeks to mystify his readers with a cloud of meaningless words. Some public men are like cuttle-fish. They retreat from their former positions behind a cloud of ink. Not so the Editor of JOHN BULL. You always know where he is. He is definite and precise. And what he says he sticks to.

The Sense that isn't Common.

Mr. Bottomley has other gifts besides the gift of directness. He has the supreme gift of common sense—which is not so common as it might be. That's another reason why what he says is attended to. His words strike home. They are not empty rhetoric. They are sensible. They get down to basic fact. When you read them you say: "By Jove! that's true." That's why Mr. Bottomley is one of the most popular platform speakers of the day. That's why his articles are read by millions. That's why his circle of readers widens every day.

Seeing Forward and Saying First.

There is a third characteristic of Mr. Bottomley's utterances—besides those of directness and common sense—which must be mentioned. Mr. Bottomley has the gift of "saying things first." He sees forward. He reads the signs of the times to come. With his wonderful knowledge of men and things, he sees how events are tending. Whilst others are blundering around looking for the pathway, he sees the road ahead. Fearless always, he leads the way, and others follow. What he says to-day the others will say to-morrow. What he said, last year, others are saying now.

Away With Muddling and Meandering.

Some time ago, Mr. Bottomley saw that one of the greatest needs of the day was clear businesslike thinking. There has always been too much muddled thinking in this country. People in the past have been content merely to muddle through—and to meander along. But a new age has come—a hard, stern age, in many ways, but an age, too, of great opportunities. And if we are to make full use of these opportunities, we must be efficient. And, in order to be efficient, we must train our minds as a boxer trains his muscles. We must train the muscles of our minds. We must be alert and resourceful. We must have initiative. We must develop the power of concentration. We must make our minds the efficient instruments of our wills. In a sentence: "In order to rise we must Pelmanise; we must train our minds to win."

Two Magic Words.

And so Mr. Bottomley gave the signal which tens of thousands have followed. "Pelmanise it" he said. These were his very words: "Pelmanise it." And think of the people who are Pelmanising now! Admirals and Generals—over a hundred and fifty of them! Soldiers and sailors—over a hundred thousand. Business men and women—a vast army. Hundreds of Directors, Managers; men holding important positions in Business and Industry—all Pelmanising their minds. And apart from the "chiefs" there are the tens of thousands of clerks, book-keepers, travellers, assistants, artizans—men and women of every type and class who want to be "chiefs," and who are taking the Pelman road to the top. And they are getting there. Their written words prove this. "I have doubled my income"; "I have been promoted twice in six months"; "I now hold a position which I never dreamed I could obtain." This is what they write in letters addressed to the Pelman Institute—and all through Pelmanism!

"The Coming Man."

Pelmanism is the great Success-Education of the day. Pelmanism means Efficiency. It trains your mind to do better—much better. It removes defects and deficiencies. The Pelmanist doesn't forget. The Pelmanist doesn't get flustered. The Pelmanist isn't troubled with brain-fag and mental weariness. The Pelmanist doesn't remain year after year with the same pay and in the same position. The Pelmanist goes ahead. He gets promoted. He seizes opportunities. He does his work to time. He does it easily and efficiently. He gets bigger pay. He initiates. He originates. He is reliable. He is the master of his own mind. He's the man of whom others say: "The Coming Man." Be such a man yourself.

Doubling Your Income.

Proofs of this are innumerable. They would occupy the entire issue of JOHN BULL if we printed them. As it is extracts must suffice. "In 7 days I got about 15 new ideas for increasing my business" writes the head of an important factory. "I have secured two rises in twelve months" writes another Pelmanist. "I have secured a rise of £145 per annum" writes a salesman. "The benefits I have already derived from Pelmanism are worth a great deal more than the fee charged for the whole course" writes a clerk. Many report rises of 100 per cent. Some report rises of 200 per cent. Rises of 300 and even of 600 per cent. have also been recorded. Leading business firms have enrolled every member of their staffs for courses in Pelmanism. Simultaneous enrolments of 165, 145, 100 and 75 have been made in this way. Professional men, Barristers, Solicitors, Doctors, Editors, Authors, Civil Servants, Members of Parliament are also finding Pelmanism of immense help in their work. And besides those taking up Pelmanism for business reasons, many are following this system because of the intellectual advantages it gives.

"Worth £100."

Is Pelmanism difficult? Not at all. It is perfectly simple. Anyone can understand it. Anyone can follow it. Pelmanism is applied common sense taught through the post by expert instructors. The very first lesson will fascinate you. You will find the 12 little grey books far more interesting than any novel and of course far more valuable. "They are worth their weight in gold" writes one. "I wouldn't be without them for £100" adds another.

Minting Moments into Money.

Nor does Pelmanism take up much time—a few minutes a day—that is all that is required. You can slip one of the "little grey books" into your pocket and study it in the train, tram or 'bus or in odd moments during the day. And thus you will be able to mint these moments, which otherwise might be wasted, into gold.

£1,000 From a Pelman Idea.

And much gold, too. As this journal goes to press the post brings this letter. It is from a Pelmanist. "I have cleared over one thousand pounds," he writes, "from an idea which materialised by the Pelman methods. This will quadruple itself during the remaining months of this year, so you will understand, better than I can write it, the gratitude I feel towards the Pelman Institute." Here is testimony indeed. No one supposes that everyone can do this. But everyone can do better than they are doing at present, by taking the Pelman Course. What you will be able to do yourself depends on the way you apply the Pelman principles.

Gifts for the Go-Ahead.

The full value of Pelmanism can only be realised by taking the course. But you will get some idea of it from the book "Mind and Memory." Get this book and read it. It is free. Call for it to-day or cut out the following Coupon and post it now to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. By return you will receive this book, a form entitling you to enrol for the full Course on special terms and information which will enable you to start training your mind for a higher position and a higher income and to follow Mr. Bottomley's advice to "Pelmanise it." Call or write to-day.

Send this Coupon or a Postcard now.

To the Pelman Institute,
15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book, "Mind and Memory," a copy of *Truth's* latest Report, and particulars of the Offer entitling me to take a complete Course of Pelmanism on special terms.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

All correspondence is confidential.

Kindle a contented feeling in your mind — become insured against fire, free of cost. Turn to page 20.

AUGUST 9TH, 1919

HOW TO CURE BOLSHE

Shall America Boss the World?—"Wake Up, England!"—Where

By THE EDITOR.

HOW often have I suggested that the perils of Peace may be greater even than those of War! And already, before the ink of the Peace Treaty is dry, the grim truth is dawning on us that—having been the catspaw of all the nations during the struggle with Germany, having given our best in blood and treasure—we are now to be left stranded high and dry whilst others reap the harvest of prosperity from the world's return to normal life. I find it difficult to write with restraint when I reflect upon the way in which Britain has been fooled. During the past week we have been again reminded—this time by Marshal Foch, as we were previously by Haig—that had the soldiers been left alone by the politicians in November, they could have smashed their way through to the Rhine and annihilated the German forces. There would then have been no seven months of Paris palaver; we should simply have gone on to Berlin and imposed our terms upon the beaten enemy; and by this time Britain and France would have been engaged in the process of recovering their markets, with ample employment at good wages for all their populations. Instead of this having happened, however, we have wasted the best part of a year whilst America, through Mr. Wilson, has been fooling us to the top of his bent with fantastic covenants for a League of Nations (interference with the Monroe Doctrine always excepted), the rights of small nationalities, and a lot of other copy-book piffle. I sat in the House of Commons the other day and listened with amazement to the speech of Lord Robert Cecil, the apostle of this gospel. He shed tears over the shortage of milk for German babies, and almost suggested that the milch cows stolen in thousands from France and Belgium ought not to be restored! And then he talked about all future difficulties between nations being solved "by public opinion"—and concluded by assuring us that it was public opinion (and not shortage of men and munitions) which caused Germany to lose the war! This is the sort of nonsense in which we have been indulging whilst America has been sending her commercial missionaries in advance all over the world, and at the same time has been working night and day building up a mighty mercantile fleet, which, as Mr. R. P. Houston, M.P.—one of the keenest men of business in the House of Commons—has already pointed out, is rapidly eclipsing our own. In three months, he tells us, she has produced a million tons of shipping, whilst it will take us a year to do the same. She has also become our great rival in South America—which before the war was our best market—due to our reduction in the export of coal, and she is supplying us and our Dominions with steel plates, rails, cars, wagons and locomotives which were previously exported by ourselves—and, finally, she has left us her debtor to the tune of a thousand million sterling. Don't tell me that these things are the mere accident of war. They were part and parcel of a deep-laid scheme which has been behind the idealism of Mr. Wilson and his Fourteen Points all the time. I emphasised this in my speech on the Address, and I have never ceased to proclaim it. And by degrees the truth is leaking out on the other side of the water. Listen to this, from one of the United States papers, the *Detroit Free Press*: "America's invasion of Britain's industrial market is well under way. The Welsh coalfields are overflowing with Yankee missionaries intent on getting a foothold on the other side of the water." Are we to take this commercial challenge lying down, as we did the insidious advances of the Hun?

"Wake Up, England!"

Well may the King repeat that warning which, as Prince of Wales, he gave us some years ago on his return from a world tour—"Wake up, England!" And all the time we are in the throes of Labour unrest—of strikes, of threats of "direct action," and all the rest of it. And poisonous propagandists like Smillie, Williams, Hodges and others are allowed to pursue their Bolshevist campaign with impunity, the Government being afraid to stop their activities—and the Labour Party in Parliament is absolutely impotent to counteract the mischief. The result is that organised Labour has only to ask in order to receive. As Lord Askwith said the other day, "It is give, give, give, all the time." Not that it would matter if only the working classes were made to understand that the natural corollary to that policy is to produce, produce, produce! Take the mining industry. The men's leaders seem to think that an annual production per man of about 240 tons of coal is a reasonable output. In America the average production is 700 tons per man. The result is that, whilst before the war we exported nearly eighty million tons of coal per year, we are now sending only just over twenty million—and the quantity is still diminishing. Indeed, America is already sending coal to Norway, and will soon be delivering it here as well. Consider these two grim facts—the outcome of all these things. First, our exports do not amount to more than half of our imports. That means that the difference is paid, not in material and goods we produce, and the production of which employs labour, but in gold—with which foreign countries may make their purchases in other markets. And that means that the value of the sovereign will steadily diminish and that our liquid capital will gradually be exhausted, and then unemployment will be the order of the day, and many men and women will have to emigrate to America and elsewhere in order to find work. Note the difference between Britain and America. The imports into the United Kingdom for the twelve months ended May, 1919, were £1,363,034,000, and our exports, £626,623,000. But in the United States it is all the other way: imports, £638,169,000; and exports, £1,415,023,000. That is fact number one. Now take another. Our annual revenue is not more than half of our expenditure. And that means that the difference has to be raised by loan or by yet further taxation. And *that* means that trade and capital and commerce will leave the country, and that instead of being the chief creditor of the world, as we once were, we shall soon be its greatest debtor nation. And I say quite deliberately that unless we wake up to the grim facts of our position, and stop the game of grab and of profiteering which is being played so wantonly, we shall be faced with bankruptcy. If that day comes, we shall not be able to pay even our war pensions! Think of that. If only the working classes could be made to understand these things! *Where is our Peace propaganda?* The working men of Britain are not fools—and Heaven knows that they proved during the war that they are not lacking in patriotism. But they have been fooled, fooled, fooled all the time, and nothing has been done to open their eyes to the fact. Why on earth does not the Government appoint a Director of Propaganda during this period of transition—someone understanding, and capable of expounding, the problems with which we are confronted, and possessing the confidence of the country? I appeal to the Prime Minister, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, to co
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WHY SMILLIE IS A BOLSHEVIST AND WANTS "D ACTION."

We think we have discovered the secret of Mr. Smillie's enthusiasm for as opposed to Constitutional Government. We find that he has been a Pa candidate upon as many as seven occasions, and the following figures will gi dication of his hold upon the electorate:—

MID-LANARK, 1894.

CALDWELL (L.)	3,965
STUART (C.)	3,635
SMILLIE (Lab.)	1,221

GLASGOW, CAMLACHIE, 1895.

CROSS (L.U.)	3,198
CHISHOLM (L.)	2,497
SMILLIE (I.L.P.)	696

LANARK, N.E., 1901.

RATTIGAN, (L.U.)	5,673
HARMSWORTH (L.)	4,769
SMILLIE (Lab.)	2,900

PAISLEY, 1906.

McCALLUM (L.)	
McKEAN (L.U.)	
SMILLIE (Lab.)	

CUMBERLAND, COCKERMOU

RANDLES (C.)	
GUEST (L.)	
SMILLIE (Lab.)	

MID-LANARK, JAN., 1

WHITEHOUSE (L.)	
PICKERING (C.)	
SMILLIE (Lab.)	

MID-LANARK, DEC., 1910.

WHITEHOUSE (L.)	6,033
KEITH (C.)	5,702
SMILLIE (Lab.)	3,847

No wonder he is against the Parliamentary system! He has not so far ev in ever splitting the vote between the two official Parties, whilst at the last Gene he had the good sense not to contest a constituency. And this is the man wh posing as the spokesman of the working-classes, and pleading for nationalis mines, and other political nostrums!

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have been subject
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CURE BOLSHEVISM.

"Wake Up, England!"—Where is our *Peace* Propaganda?

By THE EDITOR.

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I am capable, to consider this suggestion. Do not let America get further ahead of us. Do not let mischievous agitators do more harm. Do not let the working-classes be further misled. Do not let our manufacturers be further handicapped by uncertainty and unrest. Do not let capital be driven abroad. Put an end to these eternal strikes, and threats of strikes, the unemployment doles, and all the other nostrums of the armchair philosophers. The potentialities of Britain are illimitable. Just as during the war she transformed herself as by a miracle from a purely naval power into the greatest military Empire the world has ever known—just as she by her latent wealth and unrivalled credit financed the war, so in these days of peace the stuff is still there, if it could only be directed into the proper channels. We are confronted with a mighty task. Remember that, whilst we were pouring out our wealth and suspending all our normal industries, the great continent of America was making money hand over fist, every day and every night, out of Europe's dilemma. Only at the eleventh hour did she adapt her mighty resources to the purposes of war. And her material losses have been infinitesimal—although she *does* claim that she won the war! Indeed, one of her interpretations of the initials A.E.F. (American Expeditionary Force) is "After England Failed"! I will not be tempted to enter into competition for the better elucidation of the letters—no doubt many a truer one will occur to my readers.

As to America's material losses, here is what President Wilson has to say on the subject. It is contained in the message to Congress he sent from Paris, less than three months ago. First of all, he gives this comforting assurance to the American nation—that "many of the minor taxes made necessary by the pressing necessities of war-time can hardly find sufficient justification *under the easier circumstances of peace*, and can now happily be got rid of." Lucky America! And then he goes on to draw a picture which is in lurid contrast with the conditions in Great Britain:

> No serious danger of foreign competition now threatens American industries. Our country has emerged from the war less disturbed and less weakened than any of the European countries which are our competitors in manufacture. Their industrial establishments have been subjected to greater strain than ours, their labour forces to a more serious disorganisation, and this is clearly not the time to seek an organised advantage. The work of mere reconstruction will, I am afraid, tax the capacity and the resources of their people for years to come. So far from there being any danger of new or accentuated foreign competition, it is likely that the conditions of the next few years will greatly facilitate the marketing of American manufactures abroad.

There is no mistaking either the truth or the intention of that message. America, as I have said time after time, is going to "scoop the pool." While poor old Britain—broken and bleeding from the war, bearing a load of debt enough to crush the greatest Power—is trying to mend her wounds and re-establish her trade, our "cousins" will be busy in every market in the world—or, as Wilson so nicely puts it, "the conditions of the next few years will greatly facilitate the marketing of American manufactures abroad." Of course, it has occurred to some of us that it would have been a "nice thing" for the United States to bear a share of the war debt which we have contracted not for our own interests, but in fighting the battle of Freedom and Civilisation. Think what that debt is in loans, apart from anything else, to those who shared in the struggle. Russia, £568,000,000 (and how much of that do you think we shall ever get back?); France, £434,000,000; Italy, £412,000,000; our Colonies, £171,000,000; Belgium, £86,000,000; Serbia, £18,000,000; other Allies, £47,000,000—a nice round sum of £1,736,000,000. Well may President Wilson tell the American people that they have emerged from the war "less weakened"!

"If England to Herself be True."

If we are only true to ourselves, we shall pull through. There is no occasion for whining—we ask charity of none. We shall pull through if we all pull together. We made the mightiest effort in war that has ever been made since man appeared upon the earth. We can—and we must—make a mighty effort for peace. I have said it before, and I repeat—the only way to regain our prosperity and recapture the markets of the world is by work. It is coal that has made Britain great. We are handicapped to-day, for coal-getting is a costly business. But if we only extract enough of it, the miner can have his good wages—and more of them. Good wages can only last with good work, and it is not only the miners—in every branch of activity, in every trade and industry, we must produce more, so that we can sell more in foreign markets, and help to recoup our war losses. It is idle to complain because others are getting busy. We must get busy, too. "If British merchants," writes a correspondent in the Far East, "wish to retain the trade of Japan, they must wake up. For every representative from Great Britain, there are at least twenty from the United States. The hotels are full of them." Well; that is not entirely the British salesman's fault. So long as we have industrial troubles at home, manufacturers will be chary of putting down capital wherewith to make what Japan and the other nations are anxious to buy. If I have any influence with the British working-man, I would say to him in all earnestness: Don't listen to the few men in our midst whose sole desire is to stir up trouble between Labour and Capital. There is money for all—good wages and decent leisure for all—but all must work to get it.

Where is our *Peace* Propaganda?

And this brings me back to my point. We must have a Director of Peace Propaganda, and whilst he is working at home, he must have a properly-equipped army of Consuls and other commerical representatives abroad. After all, Mr. Lloyd George cannot do everything. He is already straining his vitality almost to breaking point—he has little assistance from his colleagues, who, with two or three exceptions, are mediocrities of the dullest type. Let him shed these duds without delay—for the Treasury Bench is at present the most pitiful spectacle. These, then, are my remedies for the crisis with which the nation and the Empire is threatened. (1) the immediate reconstruction of the Ministry, by the introduction of men of experience and capacity, and with wide knowledge of affairs; (2) the immediate appointment of competent Consuls to represent and promote our commercial interests abroad; (3) the immediate appointment of a Director of Propaganda to expound the home problems of labour, trade and commerce, and to protect the workers against the wild and revolutionary doctrines which, as in Russia, spell the ruin of Democracy. I suppose I shall plead to the Prime Minister in vain, but I plead none the less earnestly all the same

ECTED OF THE PEOPLE.

IS A BOLSHEVIST AND WANTS "DIRECT ACTION."

e discovered the secret of Mr. Smillie's enthusiasm for direct action tional Government. We find that he has been a Parliamentary y as seven occasions, and the following figures will give some in- on the electorate:—

RK, 1894.

.. ..	3,965
.. ..	3,635
.. ..	1,221

ACHIE, 1895.

.. ..	3,198
.. ..	2,497
.. ..	696

L.E., 1901.

.. ..	5,673
.. ..	4,769
.. ..	2,900

MID-LANARK, DEC., 1910.

WHITEHOUSE (L.)	6,033
KEITH (C.)	5,702
SMILLIE (Lab.)	3,847

PAISLEY, 1906.

McCALLUM (L.)	5,664
McKEAN (L.U.)	2,594
SMILLIE (Lab.)	2,482

CUMBERLAND, COCKERMOUTH, 1906.

RANDLES (C.)	4,593
GUEST (L.)	3,903
SMILLIE (Lab.)	1,436

MID-LANARK, JAN., 1910.

WHITEHOUSE (L.)	5,792
PICKERING (C.)	5,401
SMILLIE (Lab.)	3,864

st the Parliamentary system! He has not so far even succeeded between the two official Parties, whilst at the last General Election ot to contest a constituency. And this is the man who is to-day n of the working-classes, and pleading for nationalisation of the al nostrums!

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THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 18.

"They Also Served."

Much has been said and done; badges and honours given for valour. What about the women who stayed at home in the raid areas—who stuck bravely through those terrible nights to their homes and little ones where there was no bomb-proof shelter—mothers who taught their children not to be afraid, trembling themselves the while lest the fiend should let fall his dread weapons? (Mrs.) CATHERINE HOYLAND, Vicar's Hill, Lymington.

(Here undoubtedly is a chance for the Poet Laureate. If such a theme doesn't appeal to him, nothing will!)

Oxygen at Bathing Resorts.

In August the bathing season is in full swing and, alas, fatalities frequently reported. There is no agent for restoring and reviving the nearly-drowned comparable in power and efficiency with oxygen—combined with artificial respiration. Why are not tubes of compressed oxygen kept instantly available at bathing stations, in the hands of some person instructed in its use?—J. JACKSON, Avenue Road, Norwich.

(A most excellent idea, and one which we commend to the various seaside authorities.)

Lapsed Insurance Policies.

On policies lapsed during the war, the sums paid go to the benefit of the Societies in question. It is the *lapsed policy* which has enabled those concerns to build palatial offices and give directors huge salaries. Surely there should be some law passd which would compel them to disburse the payments made by the policyholder and return them to him or her.—W. HEALEY, Church Lane, Hellingly, Sussex.

(The Companies assure us that lapsed policies don't pay them, but the whole matter is now being investigated and we shall not overlook it—after we have got our Dormant Bank Balances Bill through.)

A Free and Fair Exchange.

Our American cousins seem bent on interfering with our domestic arrangements. Let *us* send a few deputations to America. One might be composed of experts from our different Colonies, who would teach them how to deal effectively with the "Racial Problem." And what about sending the pick of our orators to lecture on the virtues of old English ale—the brew that has built the biggest and best Empire this world has ever known?—JAMES G. MCFARLANE, Hutcheon Street, Aberdeen.

(We will pass these suggestions on to Mr. Wilson, who in due course will probably hand them over to the League of Nations!)

Five Guineas is paid to the writer of the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. A. E. Davis.

Arms and The Men.

"Hakn," the primitive man, ruled with the stone axe. "Fenir" beat him with the bow and arrow. "Oisinn" became top-dog by inventing armour but was in turn bested by the Friar who found gunpowder. The miners are trying to rule with coal. It is up to the Government to harness the seas, the rivers and the waterfalls, develop electricity, work up our oil fuels and patent fuels, and so destroy the canker which is eating into the heart of our glorious Empire.—H. W. FINMORE, Clarendon Road, Shirley.

(Our classical friend must find an Ajax, to harness the lightning as well.)

The Children's Allowance.

New clauses are added to the Finance Bill, making the deduction from the assessable total £40 for one child and £35 for each additional child, without any age limit so long as the child is undergoing education. Many parents who have children cannot afford to give them a secondary education, but they have apprenticed them to a good trade or profession, and will have to provide for them until they have reached the age of eighteen or twenty-one. It is not usual for these boys and girls to get wages. Will some Member of Parliament get relief for the parents who try to make useful citizens of their children?—ALBERT EDWARD DAVIS, High Street, Deritend.

(We will bear this in mind the next time the Finance Bill comes up for discussion.)

Checking the Profiteer.

The reason why so much profiteering goes on is because goods pass through so many dealers' hands and they are all out for a big profit. Could not a Bill be passed making it compulsory for all articles leaving the factory to have the cost of manufacture marked on them, thereby reducing to a minimum the profit of the wholesaler and others and assisting the public in discovering the arch-profiteer?—DAVID CAVANAGH, Curtis's Buildings, Bond Street, Liverpool.

(A very shrewd suggestion—but wouldn't the middlemen and retailers kick!)

One Way to Domestic Peace.

If this country is not good enough for some, who are always upsetting it, causing bad feeling from end to end, would it not be a good idea to deport these people to one of the late German Colonies? They could then give a practical demonstration of how a country should be run, and leave us in peace.—J. L SMITH, The Pavement, Norbury.

(We are afraid very special legislation would be necessary to enable us to deport the class of people indicated, but we would heartily support it.)

A Lesson from the Cycle Trade.

In the old days of Free Trade and Tariff Reform controversy my mind always reverted to the cycle trade. Germany was hopelessly out-classed, and made no serious attempts to compete. America tried, and failed. It was patent that we secured a monopoly solely by quality and price. I think this is worth remembering now that a vista of keen competition presents itself to us.—A. W. STOKES, Stapleton Road, Upper Tooting.

(We don't think Germany is ever likely to capture the cycle trade. But what about America if she could decide to alter her models?)

The National Insurance Dole.

The Insurance officials are a long time awakening to the fact that the payment is still 1914 rate. I am suffering with tuberculosis. I went to a sanatorium last December, and got sent home ten times as bad, and I am too ill to go again. If I was well enough to go it would cost the State about £2 17s. per week. Now my mother, a widow, with four young children, has to scrape along on 5s.; that will provide one egg and a bit per day for a week.—TREVOR E. G. TUCKER, Stirling Street, West Hartlepool.

(We quite agree that the scale of payments under the National Insurance scheme now, like everything else, requires revision.)

Holiday Playgrounds.

The London County Council have a golden opportunity of doing something for the children to commemorate Peace, by climbing down and granting a long cherished wish of parents—opening the school playgrounds and lavatories during the holiday season and also on all holidays and half-holidays, of which there is an increasing number. If the difficulty is about caretaking, surely a relief substitute could be found among our many disabled soldiers.—ARTHUR ELLEN, Werter Road, Putney, S.W.

(By all means let the youngsters use the school playgrounds during their holidays.)

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

THE BRIGHTON CUP.

By "THE SQUIRE."

Notwithstanding the exorbitant charges and other heavy expenses incidental to the Goodwood meeting, the first half of the Sussex Fortnight decided on the Ducal Estate can be said to have passed off in very satisfactory fashion. At least from a racing point of view—albeit, if the Duke of Richmond is desirous of having the popularity of his domain sustained as a race venue, he will next year have seriously to consider the advisability of modifying charges.

We now pass on to the concluding stage of quite one of the most delightful racing fortnights of the whole year. To-day we have to discuss the Brighton Cup, although we may not have to search far for the winner should Sir Hedworth Meux's improved colt, SIR DOUGLAS, go to the post. This aspirant to, and very live candidate for, the St. Leger, has earned for himself no additional "extra" by virtue of his success in the Gordon Stakes. His Majesty the King can be represented by either VICEROY or PESARO, and the selected of the pair may indeed carry the Royal purple with distinction, while WILSON, another Goodwood victor, is not without a winning chance, though I rather imagine that his best distance does not exceed a mile. Lord Derby's MAKEPEACE is also engaged in to-day's contest, and takes all the allowances. I am, however, given to understand that he will not be seen in public again until the going becomes appreciably softer.

I am delighted to see the Dicker Stable is having such a good time at Ostend, and can only suggest to such of my readers as are able to "get on" over here that they should follow the Editor's horses for the rest of the season.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

BRIGHTON—WEDNESDAY.
Sussex Plate—KASHMIR.
Brighton Cup—*SIR DOUGLAS.
Stanmer Plate—FORRARD AWAY.

BRIGHTON—THURSDAY.
Brookside Plate—MONT D'OR.
Southdown Plate—*ENBARR.
Cliftonville Plate—LIKE MAGIC.
Brighton High Weight—JAZZ.

LEWES—FRIDAY.
Astley Stakes—SORAMIS.
De Warrenne Handicap—DEVICE.
Stanmore Handicap—*ORSAN.
Open Welter—DRUMLANRIG.

LEWES—SATURDAY.
Maiden Plate—OUR WILLIAM.
Priory Plate—MISS GOODENOUGH.
Lewes Handicap—*CHAT TOR.
Southdown Welter—TROJAN.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WEST LONDON OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"NIGHTDRESS, cream, SUITABLE FOR DANCES OR PARTIES; bargain, worn once."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST":—
"The position in the Notts. coalfield becomes increasingly grave and to-day at least 17 PINTS are standing idle."

"THE STAGE" (advertisement):—
"Wanted a Young Lady, 16½, has a Good Voice, Good Toe Dancer, capable of Single; WANTS A SIMILAR PARTNER, WHO COULD PRODUCE A DOUBLE TWIN."

MESSRS. P. DE JAGER & SONS, HOLLAND (bulb catalogue):—
"It must however be evident to all that it is to our interest that we send out only such goods as will NOT grow."

"DAILY RECORD AND MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Dogs, all varieties, have GONE ON HOLIDAY TILL 28th. ————'s Stores."

"BOYS' REALM":—
"While ASLEEP in a hut, Jimmy OVERHEARS a conversation between the two Russians."

"CHURCH TIMES":—
"In the House of LORDS last week, Mr. Lloyd George gave a fine exposition of the principles embodied in the Peace Treaty."

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY ADVERTISEMENT CINEMA.

"Needlework and B.D.V.?"
She, wondering, reads. "What can it be?"

A problem! Meaning to attack it
She asks her man to buy a packet.

He, as a husband should, obeys:
The shopman gives the brand high praise!

His wife goes into ecstasies
When she the silken picture sees.

"I grant the picture's sweet," says he,
"But not so sweet as B.D.V!"

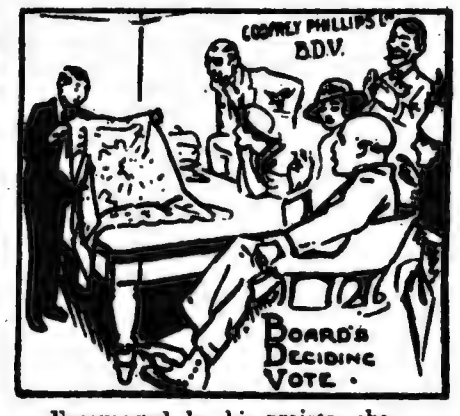
His former brands he buys no more,
And soon of pictures she's a score!

Whereas she feels she has a mission—
To go in for the Competition!

And while her man enjoys his smoke
She starts to make a fancy cloak,

Whereon with careful stitch she sews
The badges of the men she knows.

Her husband likes the way it sets—
"It's splendid—like the cigarettes!"



Encouraged by his praises, she
Sends it forthwith to B.D.V.

And to her pleasure and surprise
She wins a handsome money prize!

"John Bull" readers are invited to take part in a most fascinating and profitable form of home work. Every woman and girl who can sew can take part. There is no restriction as to the article the reader may like to make.

Each packet of B.D.V. Cigarettes contains a beautiful Silk Picture, which can be used in the decoration of such articles as tablecloths, sofa covers, underskirts, fancy dress costumes, bedspreads, cushion covers, table centres, fire screens, etc.

Over

£13,000

In Cash

has been awarded to-date.

B.D.V. SILK PICTURE CIGARETTE

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS

are continued every month.

Full particulars from **GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., LONDON, E.1.**

Prizes in Cash are given each month for the most artistic or originally designed needlework in which the pretty silk pictures given in the packets of B.D.V. Cigarettes are used. Enter at once—a few hours' interesting work may bring you a cash prize.

FIRE is an every day risk!—Accept our FREE insurance offer on page 20.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

The Fog of Pay:—Burial parties sent to France are supposed to get 2s. a day working pay; but nobody out there seems to know whether they should receive it on landing or from the day when they actually commence work. Will somebody at Whitehall clear up the point?

Who Are the "Cooks"?:—The men of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in Limerick and of many other units tell us, in the words of Mark Twain, that the food is sent by the Deity and cooked by the devil. There is no reason for spoiling it, unless it is the wish of the Army Council to compel the men to spend their spare cash in the dry canteen.

Government Profiteers:—The Navy and Army Canteen Board and the Expeditionary Force Canteens existed to supply Tommy at the *cheapest possible* rates with the best of food and drink. It now appears that they have made many millions of pounds of profits, and there is a stramash as to what shall be done with the boodle. In this, as in other like matters, our Government have given the civilian pirates much weight and a bad beating.

Tommy's Tuck Box:—Many Tommies on the Rhine complain to us about the shortage of food out there, and their parents and wives write saying that it is a shame to have to send them food. We agree, and regret that the War Secretary does not tell us in Parliament why the Army of Occupation is kept in a state of semi-starvation. It was an evil hour for the boys when they lost Lord Derby.

Any Complaints? — Will somebody ascertain whether the staff work of the Fifth Army Corps in France is efficient or not? Drafts, details and the rest of it seem to be moved here, there, and everywhere without blankets, tents, or groundsheets, and when they arrive at the point to which they have been sent they find that they are not officially known, are without rations, and nobody cares a damn about them. Are the troops in a state of ferment?

"JACK."

Still Waiting:—At Grimsby there are about 200 Naval Volunteers who were sent there with fishing vessels which were to be handed over to their owners, they were then to be immediately demobilised. Instead, they have been placed in a barracks where they are doing housemaid's work, and wondering when the demobilisation promised will be carried out. And the waiting is weary work.

Inquire, Please:—The Admiral commanding the Queenstown base might visit H.M.S. *Sir Bevis*, muster the crew, and ask for complaints. We assure him that if he does so he will learn something interesting. The men total 85, and yet the "crimes" on the defaulters' book are more numerous than those recorded on most battleships. The *Sir Bevis* appears to be a most unhappy vessel.

Pay, Please:—The men of H.M.T. *Strathnethy*, at Barrow-in-Furness, are—like other crews—in great distress owing to the absence of pay. It strikes us that when a ship moves from one base to another, she becomes nobody's child, and nobody cares a tinker's bad word whether her crew starves or not.

The Lerwick Base:—This base is still open, and although there is little if anything to do, a Rear Admiral and his staff are retained. Although coal is scarce and dear, and no fires are allowed in the naval offices, the Admiral's steam yacht frequently goes to sea on fishing excursions. Also a steam drifter runs twice daily from Lerwick to the island of Bressay with men engaged in scraping anchors and chains. As the run is only a mile, we do not see why the working party should not row themselves over.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Their Way:——A sergeant wrote to a leading London newspaper which is supposed to look after Tommy concerning pay and allowances. He set out his case in every detail, and the reply he received from the "expert" was: "This is a matter which must be settled by the authorities according to the circumstances of the case. Apply to your Paymaster."

——**And Ours**:—The outraged sergeant sent the curt communication to us, suggesting if this was all the information an intelligent department could give to an ordinary Tommy, it was time it was demobilised or sent to Slough. We forwarded the case, as usual, to the Army Pay Department, at the War Office—and through us, within 24 hours, the soldier had all the information he needed. That's our way, as many thousands know. We do the job——we do not suggest to our correspondents how it *might* be done.

Our Suggestion:——When giving evidence before the Select Committee on Pensions the other day, our Military Editor suggested that there was little control in the branches of the Pensions Department, and that no punishment was provided for officials who neglected their duties. A strong, keen staff should be appointed to deal quickly with the cases, and officers who neglected their work or carried it out in a slipshod manner should be remorselessly weeded out.

The Idea Struck Home:—We are glad to note that the Pensions Minister has sacked two of his principal officials, whose arrears of work dated back as far as two years. A good lead, this, but it is not sufficient. All slackers must be dismissed before the State gets the worth of its money, and our pensioners their due.

A Good Job Going:—If any ex-submarine engineer or first-class engine-room artificer, used to submarines, wishes for a berth, will he communicate with us? There is a good job on the stocks.

Another Committee, Please:—The Select Committee on Pensions is doing well. Please do give us a Committee to inquire into this ghastly Civil Liabilities stunt. It is a disgraceful scandal, which we have repeatedly denounced.

EXTENSION OF OUR CHARITABLE GRANTS.

In view of the practical cessation of hostilities, and the more adequate recognition by the State within the last few days, of its obligations to our soldiers and sailors and their dependents—a measure of bare justice for which we have long pressed, both in the columns of this journal and by direct action in the House of Commons and elsewhere—we have decided to extend the relief afforded by our "Greatest of These—" Fund to civilians who are suffering from the effects of the war. The balance in hand will, of course, be applied solely to the naval and military cases for the benefit of which, indeed, it was specifically sent by our generous readers. In future, however, moneys subscribed will be applied, in our discretion, to Service or Civilian sufferers—though our first care will, of course, be for combatants.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Disaster after Disaster:—Here is one of life's human documents. A soldier put in good service for the Crown, and us, and was sent back into civilian life with a small pension. Like so many others who haunt the Labour Exchanges, he can find no work. The Angel of Death haunted his house. First his wife died, and with help he was able to give her what the poor call "respectable burial." Since then—a short time ago—he has lost two children, poor fellow. At the present time he has six youngsters under 16 years old. The unfortunate chap himself is waiting to go into a sanatorium, and, as Kipling said, "Who will look after the kids?"

Ruined by Bravery:—A man discharged from the Army on medical grounds happened to be on the spot when a runaway team belonging to the L. and N.W. Railway was passing. The gallant fellow risked his life to stop the van and save the life of the boy who was in it, and, incidentally, to save the shop towards which the vehicle was heading. As a result of his gallant act he received broken ribs and a silver medal. The unfortunate hero was in great distress when he wrote to us, as his inability to work has been increased. He wrote:—"I do not know until my pal comes in if I shall enjoy a shelter to-night. I am barred unemployment benefit, also insurance, until my case is settled. A neighbour has taken in my wife, but can find no room for me."

Totally Blind:—An old man who is totally blind and who, with his wife, is in distress. Their only support, a soldier son, died in India.

Bedridden:—A discharged man who has to support his mother, aged 80, who is bedridden. The man's pension is 6s 7d. a week, and his mother gets the Old Age Pension—their only income at present.

Left to Struggle:—The widow of a discharged soldier, who died after his release from the Army. She has five youngsters to support and has no pension.

A Heavy Burden:—A widow whose husband died uninsured. She has been left with six children to keep, and her only support, a soldier son, is in the Army of Occupation.

A Soldier's Mother:—A woman whose husband, a discharged soldier, died in an asylum. Her only son is serving in Turkey.

Heartless Guardians:—A discharged man with wife and five children. He cannot find work, and the local guardians lent him 38s. 6d. with which to bury his dead child. They were pressing him to return the money when he called on us.

The Fire Fiend:—Fire broke out in the home of an ex-soldier and consumed practically all of his children's clothing. The man himself is in hospital, and before the catastrophe his wife was behind with her rent and burdened with debts.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

(Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.)

Proceeds of Raffle on board s.s. *Kasama* (per H. B.), £1 5s.; "Pat," £1; "Grateful F. C. T." (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; E. I. H., 10s.; J. M. (Edinburgh), £1; "Azalea," 5s.; F. K. (Brixton), 1s.; R. O. (Coomassie), 1s.; "A Grateful Mother," 5s.; "In Loving Memory of George," 5s.; "In Loving Memory of Albert," 5s.; "Soldier," 10s.; A. H. B., 2s.; J. G. (Ardwick), 1s.; Anon. (Leytonstone), £1; B. W. (Southend), £10; Mrs. E. M. (Ringwood), 5s.; S. E. T., £2; "In Memory of My Little Son" (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; W. C. H. (Poplar), 10½d.; R. A. O., £5; W. E. W. (Saltponds), £1; M. G. G., £1; G. M. H., 10s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; C. B. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Plimsoll," 2s. 6d.; E. T. (Sheffield), 5s. 6d.; H. P. B. (Gillingham), 10s.; G. H. (Hyde Park), 2s. 6d.; "Comrade," 2s.; "K. C., A Sympathiser," £1; "Birthday," 2s.; E. A. L. (Farnham), £1 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Anti-8millie," 10s.; M. E. T. (Amersham), 3s. 6d.; "In Memory of L/Cpl. Lee Taylor," 1s.; Mrs. E. J. B. (Wembley), 1s 6d.; C. D. (Salford), 1s. 2d.; W. C. (Chiseldon), 1s.; C. McB. (Coatbridge), 1s.; Mrs. P. H. (Nice), £2; W. E. E., 2s.; A. W. (Lozells), 2s.; Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Dolly," 1s. 7d.; C. G., 5s.; T. J. H. (Ferndale), 2s.; "In Memory of Our Boy's Birthday," 2s. 6d.; H. S. (Harlesden), 6d.; "In Memory of Plimsoll," 2s. 6d.; A. M. B. (Prince Town), 6s.; "Jo," £2 10s.; L. E. (Harringay), 1s. 6d.; "Dick" (Birmingham), 5s.; Hair Cutting Fund; s.s *War Palace* (per J. F.), £1; W. H. L., £1; G. W. J. (Muswell Hill), 10s. 6d.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

THE SECRET OF BEING A CONVINCING TALKER

How I Learned it in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"Have you heard the news about Frank Jordan? He's been made secretary of the company!"

This news quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the centre of the office.

I could hardly believe my ears. I knew Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have selected him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Secretary of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan secured the position.

The first chance I got I walked into Jordan's new office, and after congratulating him warmly I asked him to give me the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a point or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I got into trouble? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"I bought a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public, but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Law had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled "Mastery of Speech.' The Course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them, and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded, whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying, and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humour with telling effect.

The most wonderful part of the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say, and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful points about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonising people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them round to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening, and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles, and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Corps I was made secretary. My salary is now £1,500 a year, and I expect it will be raised this year.

"And I want to tell you honestly that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

I sent for Dr Law's Course, and found it to be exactly as Jordan had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me. After four months of record-breaking sales during the dullest season I received a wire from the Chief asking me to return to the city office, and was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason."

SEND NO MONEY.

So confident are the Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., publishers of Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, of the result, once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course for free examination.

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J.B.O. 1919.

IN THE CITY.

FINANCIAL NOTES—AND ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By Our City Editor.

The "Financial Report."

I have been favoured with a copy of this paper which is issued by a bucket-shop masquerading under the high sounding title of the Lancs. & Yorks. Industrial Development Trust, Ltd., and of which one John Howard Harvey appears to be the moving spirit. Curiously enough, although the *Report* is circulated broadcast (gratis) it seems to be scarcely known in Manchester, where it is printed and published. The height of Mr. Harvey's ambition appears to be companies with a capital of £25,000, and their shares are to be dealt in by the Foundation Share Exchange, Ltd., of which Mr. Harvey is managing director. He is also chairman of the Manchester-London Air Service, Ltd., Manchester Commercial Bank, Ltd., Manchester Printing, Binding and Box Making Co., Ltd., (printers of the *Report*) , The Aegis Land and Building Co., Ltd., and the Summit Motor, Engineering and Transport Co., Ltd. There is also a Co-operative Underwriting and Investment Pool, to which deposits are invited. It seems such a happy family party that no sane outsider would seek to intrude into it.

Suggested War Savings Stock.

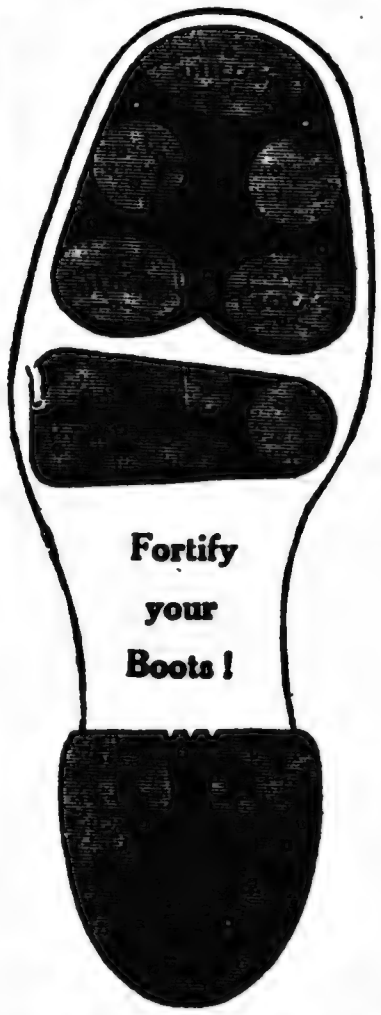
It is very certain that in the next five to ten years it will be impossible to redeem all the War Savings Certificates issued, except by creating some other form of debt. A correspondent throws out the suggestion that a beginning might at once be made by giving the holders of Certificates the option of converting multiples of £20 into a long dated War Savings Stock bearing *tax free* interest at 4 or 4½ per cent. It is a good idea, and well worth the consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. As holdings of Certificates accumulate, it is certain that many people will find the necessity of deriving some income from their investment, failing which they will be compelled to sell at least a portion, possibly at a time when it is inconvenient for the country to find the money. Conversion into stock would get over the difficulty. And there would be another advantage. War Savings Certificates are popular because the terms are easily understood and they are obtainable with a minimum of formality. It would be a simple matter to carry the education of the small investor further by initiating him into the "mysteries" of long-dated interest-bearing stock.

More Bungling Red Tape.

A holder of War Savings Certificates desiring to transfer them to his son, wrote to the Controller War Savings Dept. G.P.O., who replied that the circumstances were not such as would warrant the Postmaster General in authorising transfer in this case. No transfer which was in effect a sale of the Certificates could be sanctioned. It was, however, open to the registered holder to apply at any time for repayment. Now there may be some obscure reason for this attitude, but it seems incomprehensible. Surely it would save a great deal of trouble if the holder were allowed to notify that he wished so and so to be registered as the owner, and an official confirmation sent by post to the address of the holder that this had been done would be sufficient to prevent any but the most elaborate kind of fraud. But no! The holder has to go to the trouble of cashing his Certificates, thereby losing perhaps several months' interest, and handing the money to the intended beneficiary, who has then to apply for a fresh lot of Certificates and wait a year before any further interest accrues!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. L. (Boscombe).—*Bank Deposit:* There ought not now to be any obstacle to the transfer.——J. A. A. (Bristol).—*Galician Standard Oil, etc.:* It must take time to re-start operations; have patience.——Mrs. S. E. L. (Netley Abbey).—*Consols:* There is no obligation to redeem at any particular date.——M. L. D. (Southsea).—*Stock Transfer:* It will be necessary to employ either a banker or a broker. Commission, etc., will be about ¼ per cent.——W. M. (Ohio).—*Pecol Oil Combine:* The scheme appeared to be attractive at the time, but it has not succeeded and the money has been lost. Sorry cannot accept your offer.——W. P. H. (Kilburn).—*Channel Coast etc., Resorts:* The shares are worthless.——Telegram (Sunderland).—*Litvin & Co.:* I have no information, but shall bear your hint in mind if occasion arises.——W. A. (Newcastle).—*Premium Bonds:* Apply to agent from whom you purchased them. I do not keep records of drawings.——Mrs. S. S. (Southsea).—*European Oilfields, etc.:* Prospects good, but I do not recommend dealings with the firm mentioned.——Demobbed (Parkstone).—*R. & A. Stewart:* "Call options" are very risky; do not touch them.——S. F. D. (Englefield Green).—*Compagnie Parisienne Electricite:* I have no records about the company, but it is extremely probable that dividends have been suspended, and that they cannot be resumed for some time.——G. W. T. (Hertford).—*Farrows Bank:* I believe it is perfectly safe.——Squawit (Hull).—*National Share Exchange:* Better give it a miss at present.——H. M. (Wigan).—*Southport Finance Co.:* Do not part with a bean.——G. S. (Reading).—*Victory Loan:* You can still buy through a bank or broker practically at the issue price. An investment of £800 will give an income of £40 per annum, and £1000 will give £50. Most certainly put your bank deposit into the loan, where it will yield double the interest you are getting.——G. W. (Canterbury).—*R. Fellows:* Have nothing to do with him.——Mrs. M. W. (Ystrad).—*Bristol Steamers:* Very speculative, but if you have taken up the shares it is too late to withdraw. Of course, you may be lucky.——Billy (Belfast).—*Metallurgical Co.:* Better cut your loss. I do not like the outlook.——F. R. M. (Selly Oak).—*Cornwall Slate Quarries:* You are undoubtedly liable for the balance of the shares.——Rifles (Colintrave).—*Arizona Consolidated:* Better sell; I have seen no recent quotation.



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We want to send you a 4/6 packet of Vitæ-Ore *on trial* in this way. Could you wish for anything fairer? We know what wonders Vitæ-Ore works, and believe your verdict will be "Yes." We want it to be "Yes," but you are to be the judge. You are the one to say YES or NO. It is all left to you. When you have tried it, you will know why we can make such an offer. When it has cured you, you will bless the day you read this announcement.

An exception has to be made to this offer; that is, our inability to send a month's supply to those on Active Service. This is a regrettable necessity, but readers will understand that soldiers who are constantly on the move have not the facilities for carrying about a pint of solution which the packet of Vitæ-Ore makes; therefore a proper trial is out of the question.

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[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

N. W. H. (Dewsbury).—"Everyone telling everyone else to go to the devil, the labourer holding back his tool, demanding more of his neighbour's money, or starvation." A pretty picture, which we seem to recognise.

"BABS" (Winchester).—You appear to be entitled to an advance of 2s. per week as from 1st April. But, knowing something of Government methods, it is an ominous date.

A. H. (Hartlepool).—Your position as the wife of a German is extremely sad. We hope some day to get through a Divorce Law Reform Bill, which will relieve you of your embarrassment.

W. Y. (Somerset).—Sorry your local secretary (S. and S. F.) was angry because we secured you your gratuity. Give him our love all the same!

W. H. (Highbury).—You will be pleased to know that the rationing of horses' food has now been very considerably modified. In any case, our own are being well looked after.

F. F. AND OTHERS.—We wish we could persuade ourselves that "Ich Dien"—the Prince's motto—*was* Welsh.

H. E. H. (Droitwich).—It does look unfair to his mates when a man advertises for a job and says he has a pension, thereby undercutting the market. But this chap may have troubles we don't know of, so we won't jump on him at present.

"GARELOCH" (Manchester).—Whoever said that 24 hours under water was the best cure for Ireland was not a statesman, but someone who hated trouble.

W. A. (Leeds).—"You say America was too proud to fight. I would substitute 'sensible' for 'proud.' America was not too proud to fight." Don't you know you are calling your President a—story-teller? He said, "too proud"—and we only quoted his words.

Miss M. E. C. (Brighton).—We are strongly of opinion that convent laundries should be under the Factory Acts and open to inspection, and if this is considered an insult to the Pope, we can't help it.

"MASTER MARINER" (Liverpool).—It isn't our fault that British masters serve in American ships. And it isn't their fault, either. They need to live, and there are precious few vacancies here, pending a hustle by owners and shipbuilders.

H. S. (Lewisham).—Your scheme of Premium Bonds, with cash prizes, is similar to our own. But when you say there can be "no moral objection" to it, you reckon without the monstrous "morality" of the unco' guid

"POLICE PENSIONER" (Southall).—You will have noticed our continued efforts to help all old pensioners to get their pensions levelled up to present-day rates.

"S.S. *Devonia*" (Bideford).—"We sailors agree with you that no outside nation should be allowed to put in its spoke about Ireland." Then it is carried unan.

E. A. (Earlsfield).—Sorry to hear that the horse-dealer has sold you a crock, but unless you can give us actual evidence of doping, we are afraid we cannot help you.

J. T. J. (Leigh).—If the Peace celebration rate was agreed to by the Southend Council, it will of course be compulsory, as they had full legal power for the purpose.

J. W. (Manchester).—"My nephew has worked a model which will tell any aviator whether he is upside down or not." But if said aviator doesn't know, he probably doesn't care.

"LONDONER" (Bromley-by-Bow) sends us a copy of a gummed slip freely plastered over the town: "Join the French and Italian workmen in a one day strike to stop the Russian intervention." Probably the work of local Bolsheviks and Hunsheviks.

"MIDLOTHIAN" (W. Calder).—"Kindly tell me which train is most convenient for dispatch to you of one dozen troubles, assorted." Select your own wheels for your own woes.

"GERTIE" (Didcot).—"Would there be any harm in having a friend for just one week?" That depends on the friend—and you.

A. A. (Glos.).—"It is rather late, but not two late." What four?

"CURIOUS" (Prestwich).—"Why did not the people of Prestwich bring their cups and saucers to the Gramophone Concert and Bonfire?" Because they took their mugs elsewhere.

J. E. (Poplar).—Your verses about "Revolution" are good; it would "ring the Empire's knell—that road leads straight to hell." Though down on your luck, you are evidently too clever a man to take that road. Keep your head, that's all.

A. W. G. (Victoria).—Thanks for "short epitome," running to four large pages. Thank goodness, you didn't write at length.

D. J. H. (Teddington).—What need to "excuse your calling us 'Dear John'"? If you had spoken rudely, it might have been another matter.

D. P. (Hedon).—Rather reminds us of the effort of another choir—"We'll catch the flee, we'll catch the flee, we'll catch the fleeting hour."

P. P. (Clapham).—Sorry your bicycle has "given bad satisfaction." Evidently it was one of poor excellence.

T. B. (Hammersmith, W.).—So you think "placing the financial burden on the right shoulders should stand more in the foreground." Our private impression is that it should sit on the chimney-pot.

"ATOM" (Allen Street, E.C.).—The working man is not the only one who is "pestered with the Income Tax." Ask your mother if you were born grumbling.

F. M. (Manchester).—"Excuse mistakes." Certainly, we made one ourselves the week before last.

"HARD-UP AND HUNGRY DRAPER'S ASSISTANT."—You allege girls in the drapery trade are starved and forced on to the streets. But you give not one single detail, nor even your own name, and we can "champion" nobody without proof.

T. N. S. (Switzerland).—We have a fairly long reach, but fear it is rather beyond our power to restore the ring and wallet you appear to have left in Germany.

"LITTLE JOHN" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"I will wait till I become 21 and I will drop you a card." We shall always be pleased to hear from you, whether you are 21 or 121.

H. C. W. (E.13).—What's the Amish-Menonite Church, anyhow? Seems to be the only Church extant which won't allow a member to wear elastic in his trouser suspenders.

"WORKER" (Northallerton).—Somebody has said that if the anatomy of some people was constructed according to their talk, they'd be nothing except mouth. Why worry about such a demagogue?

MRS. DARLINGTON (10, Gordon Avenue, Deane Road, Bolton) lost a gold brooch opposite Buckingham Palace on Peace Celebration Day. The brooch contained her only photographs of two sons killed in the war. Will finder please communicate?

S. C. (Saltley).—"And then what about a Golden Number of JOHN BULL?" We will cogitate about it.

PTE. P. O. (D.L.I., Cologne).—Not surprised the *Cologne Post* has "ceased to answer queries." You boys are tough nuts at the query stunt. "Which is the largest station in the world?" President Wilson thinks his is.

DOROTHY (Clifton).—"My young man has been to fight for his country and myself, so naturally they expect at least the privilege of putting their arm round their young ladies. A policeman told them to open out." That was not a "coinsedence," girlie, but rudeness. And most unfeeling.

E. G. T. (Nottingham).—So Nottingham landlords now say, when they have an empty house, "We don't wish to let, but to sell; what is your offer?" It's the old game of On the Make-Haste, played in a new way.

"A READER" (East Dulwich).—The Council schools are correctly described as Public Elementary Schools. By the term "public school" we commonly understand such establishments as Eton, Harrow, Winchester and a host of minor foundations.

E. R. L. (Brockley).—"Why was America first in the Peace Procession?" Only because all Allies and guests went in alphabetical order. After them, up we came with our little lot.

C. A. B. (Johannesburg).—We note that you "disagree with our correspondent," but we won't tell him, as we hate to be cruel.

M. M. (Ballyconnell).—Not having seen the book in question, cannot pronounce on its "genuine value." Lend us a copy, and we'll smell the binding.

"HOUSELESS" (Hulme).—We have denounced the "key money" scandal till we are hoarse all down one side. Got anything fresher?

W. J. C. (Redhill).—So your friend has attended regularly at the Labour Exchange and "all he can get is nothing." Others get just as much and a lot of sauce to go with it.

LATE PRIVATE JOSEPH VARDY (Sherwood Foresters).—If the widow of this soldier, who died in the Marien Hospital, Munstereifel, in November, 1917, will communicate with us, she may receive authentic information regarding his death and place of burial.

A. E. A. (Walworth).—Had you read our columns regularly and carefully, you would have had no truck with E. Badger and his "Stockwell Watch Co." His so-called Prize Competitions are simply a ramp.

MRS. N. B. (Cape Town).—"In the realm of high ideals we shall undoubtedly meet." Perhaps we have met there already.

S. P. (Pockington).—There's one subject always talked about more than war or peace, and that's the weather; but if you expect us to wade through your three-page yarn about it, you're on a loser.

"VOLUNTEER" (Anfield).—Some badge that. The Liverpool Corporation can't have bought it for much less than ten a penny. Glad you're going to frame it as a reminder of what you did in the Great War.

"FRATERNAL" (Darwen).—"The Government want to make me pay income tax and I am not in a position to comply." That seems to settle it. They can't get blood out of a stone—but they can have your carcase.

"MANAGER" (London).—"It's high time bank employees spoke up and insisted on a living wage." A dying one is certainly no good.

H. C. P. (W.).—For Cuthberts who stayed at home in the Ministry of Munitions, a rise of £40 a year. For ex-Service men, recently employed by same Ministry, no rise. A rotten decision that should be absolutely reversed.

"MONS AND AFTER" (Hexham).—"The disabled men know it is not the people's fault, but the pig-headed officials who deal with them. Sorry can't send the usual shilling." No shilling is required for ordinary letters, and certainly not from a man like you.

H. E. M. (Maidstone).—The advertiser says his barrel organ would be "good living for disabled person." If he had said "soldier" we would have strafed him.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

LIKE CHARLEY'S AUNT ——!

32, STANLEY STREET
SOUTHSEA.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing this with a "John Bull" Fountain Pen, with the original nib obtained from you in 1913. I gave it two years' hard office work, and since then it has seen strenuous war service in France and Flanders. Like Charley's Aunt, it is still running, and I consider it has had a rattling good test.

Yours, etc., F. W. GOULD.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 8s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (*August 9th, 1919.*)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

ARGENTINE TOBACCO.

A series of meetings of the shareholders of the Argentine Tobacco Company, Ltd., was held on July 31 at Winchester House, E.C., Baron Emile d'Erlanger, the chairman, presiding, to consider resolutions providing for the sale of the undertaking to the Sociedad Anonima Manufactura de Tabacos Piccardo and Cia, Ltda.

In moving the resolutions, the chairman said the capital of the amalgamated company would be 50,000,000 dollars, of which 45,000,000 dollars would be issued. It would be divided into Preference shares 15,000,000 dollars, and Ordinary shares 29,800,000 dollars. The Preference shares would be entitled to 6½ per cent. fixed dividend, and to 25 per cent. of the surplus after the Ordinary shares had received 6½ per cent., the Ordinary shares taking the balance. The Argentine Tobacco Company would receive the whole of the Preference shares and also 4,950,000 dollars in Ordinary shares, whilst Messrs. Piccardo would receive 24,250,000 dollars in Ordinary shares.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY CO.

Increase of Profits.

Major C. M. Threlfall, presiding at the annual meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Co., Ltd., on July 31, said he regretted to have to announce the death of their managing director, Mr. George Barker, which took place very shortly after the date of their last meeting. The board had made Mr. Peter Joseph Feeny managing director, and appointed a board of assistant managing directors under him. A scheme which the directors had in hand, and which was a new venture, but one for which there was a decided call and of which the magistrates thoroughly approved, was that, where they had licensed premises suitable for the purpose, and where there was a decided demand—for instance, at the docks in Liverpool—they would add a special dining-room to their houses and go carefully into the catering business. The profit for the year to June 30, 1919, which was £281,645, showed an increase of £83,111 over the profit of £198,533 for the year to June 30, 1918.

THE IDEAL TENT.

Carry your home with you
for 2 or 3 persons at home or abroad

"IMPROVED GIPSY" TENT.
(Regd. Design.)

Note extension back and double roof, also overlap to carry rain from tent base.

Weight 40 ozs. Price £6-6-0
Complete with poles, pegs and line.

A SUCCESS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Remember accommodation in Hotels, Boarding Houses, etc., is now scarce, so why not take a tent with you? It takes next to no room, easily erected.

Send two penny stamps for lists.

Dept. H, LITE WATE Co.,
61, High Holborn, London, W.C.

ALL ADVERTISERS

who are interested in "John Bull's" weekly Advertisement Cinema, on page 13 are asked to write for further particulars to:—The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT IN ADAMS GREAT COMPETITION

£100 for a POSTER TITLE!

NO ENTRANCE FEE

178 CASH PRIZES

Result of this Competition announced in the "Daily Mail" and "John Bull" a fortnight later.

All you have to do.

Think out a phrase of not more than six words as to what you consider to be the best title for the poster shown. "Step up for a good thing" would be a good suggestion, but you can probably improve on this.

Each attempt must be accompanied by a complete 2d. packet wrapper of any of the brands of ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum. In the case of ADAMS Chiclets, send the little yellow carton. Send in before August 25th, to "Competition," Adams & Beemans Ltd., 25, Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

ADAMS

Pure Chewing Gum

Adams Spearmint
Adams Black Jack
Adams Chiclets
Adams California Fruit

Adams Sen-Sen
Adams Pepsin
Adams Yucatan
Adams Tutti-Frutti, etc.

R34 carried ADAMS—*the Original Pure Chewing Gum*

BEST GIFT for the TROOPS.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 30 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 25 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d.; best tobacco 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 3 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Prices: Nickel 1/6. Silverplated 2/-. Sterling Silver, 5/-; Hygienic Paper tubes, 3/- 1,000, 1/9 500. Post free. Also Trade supplied.
KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

The Hon. & Rev. James Adderley writes:—"I am glad to have the opportunity of recommending the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes, which are quite excellent. I remember how popular they were in France when I used to sell them in our hut in 1916."

Sir John Lavery, A.R.A. writes:—"Sir John Lavery's friends smoke the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes and like them very much."

Nevil Maskelyne, Esq. writes:—"I find your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are of the same high quality as your Turkish blend."

"DE RESZKES" are popular with smokers of the discriminating type. These cigarettes possess a quality that wins admiration from everyone.

"De Reszke" CIGARETTES

Sold at all Tobacconists, Stores, and Military Canteens.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Send to Ed. J. Burrow and Co., Publishers, Cheltenham, for a complete list of

BURROW'S GUIDES.

350 Towns and Districts in the Series.
London Address:—93, KINGSWAY.
(Holborn or Museum Tube Stations.)

HEADACHE FOR DAYS

There are few ailments that cause more genuine misery than nervous or sick headaches. Only those who have endure I suffering for days at a stretch realise the awful agony of the victims. Light and noise increase the pain; food is unthought of, for it only adds to the distress. When the attack is on there is little to be done until it passes away. This may mean hours, or even days.

Nearly every victim of headache suffers from thin blood, also weak nerves, the latter being the result of the former. The most successful treatment, therefore, for headaches is a remedy that will rebuild the blood so that it can nourish the starved nerves.

This process of strengthening thin blood and weak nerves is being accomplished on all sides by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. These pills contain the elements that make new blood; and as the nerves get their nourishment from the blood, Dr. Williams' pink pills have been found invaluable in a wide range of diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, after-effects of influenza, neuralgia and neurasthenia or nervous breakdown.

If you are not fit Dr. Williams' pink pills will help you to health. Get a supply now from any dealer, but avoid substitutes.

FREE. "Nerves and Their Needs" is a little book that will help you to avoid nerve troubles. Send a postcard for it to Post Dept., 36, Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.—[ADVT.]

A New Idea in Trousers Pressers

MILITARY SMARTNESS IN MEN'S CIVILIAN ATTIRE.

NEW IMPROVED 5/6

COMBINED TROUSERS PRESSER, CREASER and HANGER, is selling Everywhere like Hot Cakes

TO be in the fashion to-day every man must wear trousers with a well-defined crease. Military smartness is manifesting itself in civilian attire, and there is a record demand for a new improved 5/6 trousers press that is selling like hot cakes at men's tailors and outfitters everywhere.

The new Leahey Trousers Press is a great improvement upon the cumbersome and costly old style trousers press.

First and foremost, it exerts its greatest pressure just where the pressure is most wanted—namely, where the crease should be.

Secondly, the trousers can be put in or taken out of the Leahey Trousers Press in less than half a minute, and, after a little practice, in even less time.

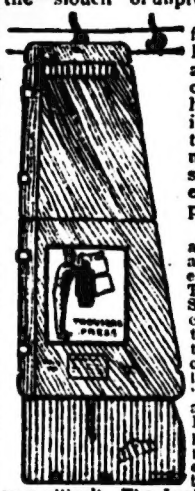
Smart. *Slouchy.*

Thirdly, this new improved Trousers Press is so light (it weighs only 24 ozs.) and handy that it can be folded away in a drawer or suit case in a 16 x 14 inches space or hung over a chair back, or on a wardrobe or wall hook.

HIGH COST OF CLOTHING.

Now that men's clothing cost so much, while being of a quality of material which does not preserve the "shape" like the pre-war quality cloth, it is more than ever important to do all that one can to prolong the life and looks of one's trousers, the article of men's wear which most quickly looks old and worn out.

The hot iron method of pressing does serious injury to the "life" of cloth. It also makes the cloth "shiny"—in itself a fault as objectionable as the "slouch" of unpressed trousers.



Another great feature in favour of Leahey's Trousers Presser is that it creates and maintains the trousers crease, because it is so handily quick that one gets into the habit of slipping the trousers in every night. It's no trouble, and seeing one's self in well-creased trousers every morning becomes a pleasure.

No invention ever offered as an aid to a man's personal appearance is so cheap and efficient as Leahey's combined Trousers Presser, Creaser and Stretcher. Being made of highly compressed fibre, it lasts a lifetime, and it will never warp like the expensive and cumbersome old-style trousers pressers. The latter often creases unsightly "puckers," whereas the simple act of folding Leahey's Trousers Press "stretches out" every pucker. The old style trousers presser does not make a knife-edge crease—it cannot, because the pressure it exerts is "all over alike." The Leahey Trousers Presser puts the maximum pressure on the crease.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

The Leahey Trousers Press pleases every purchaser so much so that users recommend it to their friends with the utmost enthusiasm.

If you are not more than satisfied your money will be immediately refunded in full.

If you cannot get one at your Tailors or Outfitters, order one by post, remitting the price of 5/6, plus 6d. for packing and carriage, and one will be despatched to you. If you require more than one, send only 11/6 for two, or 16/6 for three, carriage paid to your address.

Hang it over your chair or fold for Suit Case or Drawers.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed.

To TAILORS, OUTFITTERS and STORES who have not yet secured supplies of Leahey's Trousers Presser, write for Agency trade terms of a useful article, which sells at sight to every man and youth. ADDRESS—

LEAHEY'S TROUSERS PRESS CO.

(Dept. 14), 56, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

"BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZES.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES VALUE £12-12/- EACH

LAST FEW WEEKS

FIRST PRIZE £250

10 WEEK-END PRIZES VALUE £6-6/- EACH

2ND Prize £25

3RD Prize £15

25 PRIZES OF 10/- | 200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 3,000 FREE TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: EXAMPLE:—POOR CHAP. Bullet:—AFTER SEASIDE HOLIDAY NOWADAYS. Example:—WANTED AT ONCE. Bullet:—WORKERS NOT STRIKERS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Aug. 30th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 342

WINSTON CHURCHILL	COAL	MATRIMONY	BOTTOMLEY'S LATEST
EYE TO BUSINESS	MR. PUSSYFOOT	PRINCESS MARY	WANTED AT ONCE
SEASIDE FLAPPERS	SOLD	WHAT A SURPRISE	HELPING TOMMY
NOW'S THE TIME	SWEET SEVENTEEN	ALL HUMBUG	WOMAN WHO KNOWS
AFTER DARK	HER FIRST KISS	HARD TO SAVE	POOR CHAP
KEEPING HIS HEAD	BRITISH GOODS	CHARMING GIRL	NEEDS WAKING UP
DEAR BATHING	A GOOD LEAD	WHAT AMERICANS THINK	IN HER TRUE COLOURS
PAYING FOR HOLIDAY	GOING TO THE DOGS	A GOOD SHOW	GOING TO LAW

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 14th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(342) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address_____
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 14th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(342) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address_____
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 342. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 14th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(342) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address_____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 14th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(342) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address_____
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 343.

SEASIDE BOARDING-HOUSE—A GOOD HARVEST—ON THE QUIET—NOW SHOWING—OUR BEST FRIEND—UNSETTLED—CAN'T GET OFF—AFTER MARRIAGE—THE ONLY WAY—DON'T TRUST—WE ALL ENJOY—IDLE GOSSIP—THE RIGHT GIRL—GERMANY EXPECTS—MAKES BOTTOMLEY TALK—KEEPING TOMMY—A RARE GIFT—DRINKING TEA—FOOLING THE PEOPLE—WON'T PAY.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, Aug. 21st.** All coupons **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **343** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes contain these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 343, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two examples for Competition **342.**

List of 10s. Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 339 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and Other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 339th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:
Mr. ERNEST SHIEL-PORTER,
Actors' Association, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.
Example:—LLOYD GEORGE'S TASK.
Bullet:—PREVENTING PICKAXE BECOMING SCEPTRE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:
Q.M.S. FRANK G. REEVE,
1/1st Essex Yeomanry,
35, Sturry Road, Canterbury.
Example:—NO PLACE FOR TOMMY.
Bullet:—THEN BOTTOMLEY "STANDS UP."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon).

THIRD PRIZE OF £15:
Mr. A. WHITE,
4, North Street, City, Glasgow.
Example:—ASLEEP.
Bullet:—ASQUITH, UNTIL CUE COMES.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES VALUE £12 12s. EACH:

MR. J. MCCRAKEN, 2, Colebrooke St., Glasgow: THE VICTORS—MANY CLAIMANTS TO TITLE.
MR. PHILIP E. PEARSON, 5, Glebeland Cottages, River, Dover: WITHOUT WORK—SELDOM STRIKER'S WIFE.
MR. F. MASON, c/o Messrs. Wood and Parker, 2, East India Avenue, E.C.3: THE VICTORS—HIT HARDEST—HARDEST HIT.
MR. C. ABERNETHY, 252, Albert Bridge Rd., Belfast: A CHEAP HOLIDAY—INDUSTRY CAN'T AFFORD NOW.
MRS. A E COOPER, 98, Wand St., Douglas, I.O.M.: A MAN'S JOB—VOTERS APPARENTLY THOUGHT PARLIAMENT.
MR. J. WALSH, 12, Juliet St., Bankhall, L'pool: DISSATISFIED—IRELAND "BEST OF TIMES."
MR. J. KELLY, 131, Constantine Rd., Oak Village: (Please send full address). HARD TO STRIKE—AND RECONSTRUCT "AS WELL."
MRS. A. DIVER, 31, Westmount Rd., Eltham, S.E.: NO PLACE FOR TOMMY—MAKES ENLISTING COMPULSORY AGAIN.
MR. H. AKROYD, 110, Wellington Rd., Leeds: SEASIDE PROFITEERS—"TOUCH" IF WE "GO."
MRS. F. V. UNDERDOWN, 15, Ellingham Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.: THE KAISER'S HOPE—CERTIFIED UNFIT TO TRAVEL.

10 WEEK-END PRIZES VALUE £6 6s. EACH

Mrs. H. THOMPSON, 18, Milford Rd, W. Ealing, W.: WOMAN'S DRESS—"AS YOU WERE" SOON.
Mr. G. A. PURVIS, 73, Brunswick St., Edinburgh: DEARLY BOUGHT—AN EVERYDAY REMARK.
Mr. C. MURPHY, Liscarrole, N.S., co. Cork, Ire.: NICE AND WARM—TIMES, SOCIALISM PROMISES NATION.
Mrs. E. CHAPPELL, 22, Powis Square, London, W.: GOOD FOR NOTHING—EXCEPT ORNAMENT—FIREPLACE SOON.
MR. M. PATERSON, 22, Garden Street, York: NICE AND WARM—WILHELM'S FEET, UNFORTUNATELY.
Mr. J. R. MORGANS, 51, Harriet Street, Treeynon, Aberdare: ASLEEP—THE PARTNER SWINDLER WANTS.
Mr. A. H. SHARROCK, Poulton-le-Fylde, Preston: LLOYD GEORGE'S TASK—"CLEARING UP" AFTER "CELEBRATIONS."
Mr. C. MCKELVIE, 144, Stanley Park Ave., L'pool: WEARING THE TROUSERS — AND COATS — LABOUR UNFORTUNATELY.
Mr. A. WILLIAMS, 141, Up. Lewes Rd., Brighton: SEASIDE PROFITEERS—THEIR DAY, OUR WEEK.
Mr. J. HUGHES, 47, Queen's Rd., Bootle, L'pool: MARCHING THROUGH LONDON—MESSENGERS REPLACING TELEPHONE SOON.

BULLETS RULES.

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2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
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4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
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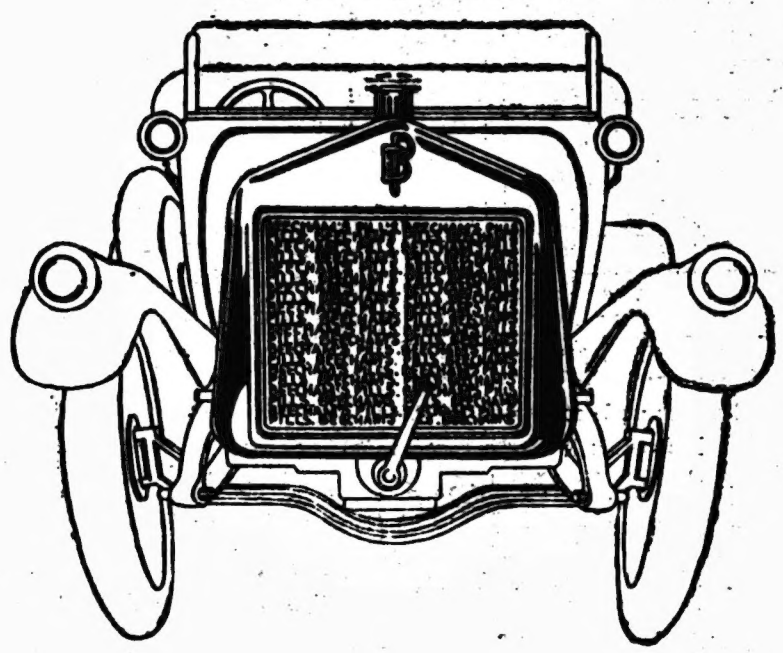

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The man who enters the door where some loose woman lives, imagining foolishly that he is going for enjoyment, is often actually going to his doom. It may well be that he contracts a disease which corrupts the whole blood, and, if untreated, will make his life a burden and torment for years. It will be too late then to wish that he had kept his love sacred for some pure girl whom he hopes to marry. Long treatment must take place and weary months elapse before the doctor can give him again a clean bill of health, and a guarantee that his children will not perish one by one in infancy.

There are some girls, too, who think it is up-to-date to have a fling before marriage. They may mean it in all innocence, but it is playing with fire, and a sudden temptation may ruin their hopes of a happy marriage and condemn them to years of infective disease.

Anyone who has been foolish enough to take the risk must at once consult a doctor, in order to avoid the appalling results which would ensue should the first stages of the disease be neglected.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical."

The National Council provides neither prescriptions nor drugs.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

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